

THE CONSTELLATION.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

VOLUME II.

NEW-YORK, OCTOBER 29, 1831.

NUMBER 49.

PRINTED EVERY SATURDAY EVENING,
BY S. BARTLETT & CO.,

No. 76 1-2 MAIDEN-LANE,

At Three Dollars a year—payable in advance.
Four Dollars when sent out of the United States.
All Letters to be addressed to the proprietors,
POST PAID.

THE CONSTELLATION.

ENOCH TIMBERFOES' ACCOUNT OF THE
LATE RIOT IN NEW-YORK.

New-York, October 19, 1831.

DEAR TIM.—What a world we live in, or rather what a city I live in. This same New-York is the beatermost place for riots, rumpusses and rows you ever heard on in all your life. It want no longer ago than last week when they kickt up a hobberty here that liked to have terminated the Lord knows where. You see there was a playacter come out here from old Ingland to astonish the natives and pocket their cash. But the natives wouldn't be astonished by such a sort of fellow, and I'll tell you why. On his way out here he began to show his cloven foot by darning the Yankees—I wish old Joe Buntin had been there to give him one of his double fisters—I guess he'd made his eye sparkle a leetle, don't you? But the mate of the ship was a pretty spunkly chap, and being a Yankee himself wouldn't hear his folks imposed upon. So he went at the playacter and did him up in two acts and an after-piece.

After the actor got on shore he was advertised to make his appearance at the Park Theatre—you've heard 'till of the Park Theatre, han't you? a pretty respectable sort of place, though tis a play house, considering. Well, some how or other every body had got a twinkling of the sacy speeches made by the actor and they seemed determined to take no more of his sace. You know there are 2 kinds of sace, long sace and short sace—but I guess the playacter's sace was pretty considerably short, as you shall hear. When he comes on to the stage, every body cries out, "Off with him," "off with him," "put him out," "put him out," and then they let drive at him rotten apples, rotten eggs, and rotten taters, till they made the feller sneak off like a singed cat, I tell you. Next morning out comes in the newspapers a flaming polegee telling how sorry the actor was for what he'd said. He tried to make out it was all said in jest—but faith, the folks didn't think so, and didn't want no polegee when the thing was all over. S'pose a feller should come up to me and call me all manner of names and say I was a dam Yankee, do you think I'd make up with him if he should tell me in the next breath he was sorry for what he'd said and I must excuse him. I tell you what, we Yankees know a thing or 2 as well as the John Bullers and ha'nt no notion of them are sort of critters that blow hot and cold with the same breath.

Jist so it was with the Yorkers—and let me tell you, Tim, the major part of the Yorkers are Yankees after all and I like em the better for it—they took no more notice of the polegee than thought it was a long, but off they went to the theatre the next playacter was advertised, to put him down again. Now if the managers of the Park had axed me about it, I should have told em pretty plainly not to let him come on, cause why? hadn't the people once expressed their minds on the subject? But the managers didn't say a word to me about it, and of course I didn't to them. Well, on comes the playacter as bold as a lion, and thinking every thing would go on as sleek as grease, but by the hokey, if he didn't find out his mistake before long, then there's no snakes, that's all. Battley bang went the apples, taters and eggs, just as they did afore, and the actor had to clear. Then out comes the managers and tried to pologize—now don't you see there's where they mist it again. The fact is, people didn't want no polegee for such a good for nothing feller at all, and if Mr. Price or Mr. Bartlett had only axed me I should have told em so.

By this time the noise and shouting was pretty considerable I tell you. Every body got kind of stirred up as though he was going to battle. Rot me if I didn't feel ripe for an invasion. But you see I kept cool, cause I didn't much like to take an active part in the affair for fear of consequences. But other folks round me want so cool, and considerate. Some cried out for the musicians to give em Yankee Doodle, "Yankee Doodle, Yankee Doodle," sung out every body then as loud as he could holler. The fifers and fiddlers thought it was quite an insult on their digni-

ty, I spouse, to play such an old fashioned, low-lived sort of a tune, and so struck up "Hale Columbee, sweet pretty land!" By the jingoes! how mad every one was—they cried out again for "Yankee Doodle," but the musicians went on with Hale Columbee, "None of your half laughs there," cried out a sailor from the third tear, and down came a rotten egg right at the bald head of the leader of the fiddlers, but it mist the mark and went splash all over his music book "Whoorrah for the kolera morbus," shouted the sailor—"Whoorrah for our side," cries another, "Hang up your fiddle," says a third, and so they let the poor musicians have it hot and heavy and just such lingo till they struck up Yankee Doodle, and then they played masterly I tell you.

Things went on pretty smooth for some time, till one feller sung out he was an Inglishman and would go the hole hog for the playacter. A chap about my size flew right at him then and let him have it. A dozen more joined in the fray, some 1 side and some another. They dealt round their fists pretty liberally and appeared to be changing ends pretty fast when up comes 50 watchmen and tries to drive em off. But they didn't do it by 2 chorks, cause why? they hadn't the pluck. When they saw we want to be intimidated and were coming at them, they turned round and run down stairs like a flock of sheep I tell you. I followed after right in the thickest. When I got out doors, I found matters not much better than in. There was full five thousand people sembled there, which I should call a regular-bilt mob, but the Kurier & Inkwirer says it want no mob at all. By the hokey, I wife and you too," says the watchman, "I thought you said they'd have thought it was, if they'd got so plaiy jammied up as I did—I aint got wholly over it yet. The mob, or the orderly collection of citizens, as the Kurier folks call it, had got no notion in their heads that Mr. Price, one of the managers, was linked in with that are playacter and it want long afore they found occasion to certify their suspicions. How do you think that was? Why you see in front of the theatre is a lot of lamps, as big as a pumpkin lantern, and on top of em used to be graven images to look like the American eagles. Some how or other they had taken these down, I spouse because they were afraid of their getting hurt—but the mob said Price ordered em down cause he said the theatre was supported by Inglishmen and want no American theatre at all. The mob was a'ready loaded up to the muzzle chock full of wrath and indignation, and this ere last affair was just like touching a match to the whole ont. At it they went, with clubs, stones and brick-bats, crying out, "Down with the Inglish lamps, down with the Inglish lamps," till they were smashed into ten thousand pieces in less than no time. It was cracking work I tol you. I guess the glaziers will get a job some on em, but that aint my look out, every trade must live. I knockt round pretty sharp—one watchman come up to me and says he, "I'll take you off to the watch-house you noisy feller," and says I, "do it if you dare," and with that he caught me by the arm, and then I hollered out, "rescue." In less

than a shake, a dozen of fellows sprung forward and knockt the watchman as flat as a pancake. I guess his back was sore next day, but being it was sabbaday he had time to reflect. The fact is, the watchmen did more hurt than good and any body might have known it if they had only considered the matter.

Sunday night there want much sport, though the "orderly citizens" collected together round the theatre just to keep an eye on things and see if all went strait. There want no mob at all, though they broke some windows and would soon have torn the theatre in atoms, if Price hadn't made some sort of compromise. He got 2 American flags and stuck them out of the winders with eagles on their poles as large as life. The mob gave 3 cheers and cried out "Victory," which made all ring again. They then immediately dispersed and went off as regularly as if they were going home from night meeting.

This was a good move of the theatre folks and everybody thought the storm was now blown over. But you see when a tempest once rises, it aint so easy a matter to settle it down as some folks think for—there is always a few squalls and streaks of lightning just by way of cooling the atmosphere. So it was in this case. Monday night the mob again came together—they staid it out till the performance was over and the doors shut, and would then have gone home as quiet as lambs if it hadn't been for the watchmen.

Now it is plagy strange our city authorities dont know how to manage—if I was one of the common

watchmen turning out at all the last time. The people had got satisfaction by Mr. Price's eagles and flags, and that's all they wanted but when they saw 5 hundred watchmen armed with clubs and leather caps, why you see it looked like daring em to fight and they want the boys to be frightened and kept quiet in this way. About eleven o'clock a large number getting provoked by the watchmen, started off for the north river and a'ready theselves from a wood pile each with a stick. Then they marched up the streets 2 and 2 to meet the watchmen, who were drawn up just like a sham fight in front of the theatre. They made a pretty considerable awful looking front, I tell you, and the mob sort of stopt a little, just to take breath before going at it. But the watchmen didn't give em time for that, but rushed upon em Bonnypart like, rattling their clubs like dead bones on the paving stones, and stripping every fellow they could catch, of his stick of wood. There was no help for it now, and we had to cut stick and run every one just where his legs would carry him, some through the Park, some up this street and some down that—I pulled for it towards Broadway with a watchman rite at my heels. When I got on the opposite sidewalk, I saw a woman standing there and so I sort of dodged the watchman and made rite up to her and took her arm. She was terribly frightened at first, but says I, "keep quiet," the watchman comes rite up and says to me, "Who are you and what are you out for at this time of night?"

says I, "I am Mr. Timberfoes and this is my wife, let me recommend her to you." "Confound your wife and you too," says the watchman, "I thought you was one of the mob." "Oh no," says I, "I and my wife never quarrel," and with that the watchman cleared off and left me to make my escape, which I did after thanking the sham Mrs. Timberfoes for the use of her arm, and went rite home as fast as my legs would carry me. You dont catch me out among an "orderly collection of citizens" very soon again, I tell you. I passed the Marc sharking round among the mob, but I didn't stop to have any words with him, lest he should put his mark on me and haul me up next day for an account.

Thank fortune the business is now settled and the city quiet. It is pretty generally agreed to support the theatre as before, and that the anti-yankee play-acter shant play any more at all. My advice to him is to abdicate the country entirely, as soon as possible; he'll never get naturalized here, if he stays for ever; he wont go down; and I guess the managers think so too by this time. My advice to them is to patronize American manufactures, or at least such actors as are well disposed, and treat us with respect, also to get all them broken glasses mended, and hatch a new brood of eagles. To the Mare of the city, I tender my hearty thanks for letting me pass without interruption, also to the woman who lent me her arm, and passed as my wife. The watchmen acted like brave fellows, and did their duty manfully; I have no fault to find with them; but I would only say to their masters dont turn out the watch at every false alarm; they only provoke a fight—that's a fact.

ENOCH TIMBERFOES.

P. S. The musicians at the theatre havnt played

nothing but Yankee Doodle, ever since the kolera

came among em.

SHADE TREES.

Of all ornaments to a city or a village, I know of none that combine so many beauties and advantages as shade trees. In spring, when they put forth their buds, how grateful to the eye is the sight of their renovation—how delightful to watch the young blossoms waking into life, and to inhale the odors of their newborn breath! In summer, when they have spread out their foliage and expanded their thick canopy overhead, how cool and refreshing to lie down beneath it at noon-day—to repose under its shade when the meridian sun is pouring down his beams, and to listen to the winds rustling through the boughs and making sweet melody. In autumn, when her melancholy days have come, and the green leaf has now changed its color and hangs lifeless on the branches, how touching and instructive the lesson it conveys! We behold it stripped of its glory, and we reflect that such is to be our fate—that we, too, shall lose our verdure and lie down with the leaves in one common grave.—Even in the winter months, there is something impressive in the prospect of trees, bereft of their foliage and lifting their bare arms up to heaven as if to implore protection.

Were I a lawgiver in the land, I would enjoin the cultivation of shade trees wherever there was a cluster of houses—a severe penalty should be inflicted on all

who injured or despoiled them, and the destruction of a tree should be a capital crime. I would choose for my trees those of our own country—the maple, the ash, the hickory and the elm should hold the first rank. I would plant them by the road-side at convenient distances, so that the traveller might enjoy their shade. I would rear them about every church and schoolhouse, that the aged might rest their limbs, and the young indulge their sports beneath them. I would cultivate them in the grave-yard, that their shade might fall peacefully on the dead, and their beauty lend a charm to the spot and make it a place of frequent resort. Indeed, in every place, when it was practicable, I would set out some hardy tree and beneath it I would build a seat and keep the ground neat and grassy around it.

There are but few places in this country where the experiment has as yet been successfully tried. New-Haven, in Connecticut, and Newark, in New-Jersey, have each their claims in this respect. On the Connecticut river are many small towns, beautifully adorned with rows of shade trees. Of our cities, Boston, perhaps, in its Mall, has a nobler assemblage of trees than any other. Well may it form the proud boast of its citizens! He must indeed be dead to the beauties of nature who can walk beneath the long lines of elms, which there form a living temple, without some grateful emotions, and a keen sense of the benefits to be derived therefrom. Our own city is lamentably deficient in trees. Upon the Battery there are a few, but those few are decaying and decayed, or are young saplings with scarcely foliage enough to hide their branches. The hand of improvement has been busy among us—the axe has been laid at the root of all those grey old trees that once lined Broadway in front of Trinity and St. Paul's churches, and they have fallen to make room for a broader pathway and for the tide of population that has swollen upon it. Their place, it is true, has been partially supplied by a younger, and, forsooth, a more fashionable generation—but like that of the human race beneath them, it is sickly, feeble and uncertain. Years may roll on, before they will attain to the growth of their fathers, and stand up as did they, in the pride of wide-spreading shade and the beauty of deep-green foliage.

I might mention the Park of St. John as an exception to these remarks—the trees there—and they are a goodly array—form a delightful repose to the eye amid the red brick walls with which it is surrounded. But it is only by the eye that this cluster of trees can be enjoyed. An iron-paling too lofty to be surmounted—encloses it on every side, through which access is gained by those alone who are the fortunate occupants of the houses on the ground. To the rest of the city, St. John's Park is forbidden ground—a sealed book, which none may read but he who has a key. But go with me to yonder shore—to Hoboken and the heights of Weehawken, whose rocks and trees are immortalized in song—and I will show you a host of trees under whose shade we may lie down without fear of man-traps, and with none to molest or make us afraid. Aye, here are groves accessible to all—where the care-worn citizen and toil worn mechanic may roam at his will—where, at every turn, new beauties meet the eye and new charms gladden the senses. Nor are the advantages of Hoboken lost upon our citizens. In the warm season, thousands daily repair thither to taste the pure joys of the country—to inhale a fresher atmosphere and to participate in the common bounties of heaven here spread before them. Long may her trees put forth their foliage and bless with their shade the multitudes that visit them. D.

Mrs. Sigourney's Residence.—The Boston Transcript contains a letter from Hartford, Ct. which says— "I must not omit telling you, that we passed a half hour in roaming over the romantic gardens and woodlands that surround the residence of Mrs. Sigourney. Her husband, who is himself a man of letters and exquisite taste, has ornamented his estate with every thing that can render it desirable as the home of talent and genius. I do not wonder that Mrs. Sigourney has written so much exquisite poetry. The Muses must be her frequent companions; for if, as is fabled, they sometimes descend to visit the planet, Earth, they can never return to the Fairy Land without having fanned their wings in the breezes which sigh around her romantic bowers.

Life of a Gentleman. He gets up leisurely, breakfasts comfortably, reads the paper regularly, dresses fashionably, lounges fastidiously, eats a tart gravely, talks insipidly, dines considerably, drinks superfluously, kills time indifferently, says elegantly, goes to bed stupidly, and lives uselessly.

MISCELLANY.

PHILIP AUGUSTUS.

The reader will, we are sure, be pleased with the following chapter from Mr. Inglis's new work:

"We must now return for a time to the chateau of Compiegne in one of the principal chambers of which, surrounded by a bevy of fair maidens, sat Agnes de Meranie, bending her graceful head over an embroidery frame. As far as one might judge from the lively colours upon the ground of white satin, she was engaged in working a coat-of-arms; and she plied her small fingers busily, as if in haste. Her maidens also were all full engaged, each in some occupation which had in a degree a reference to that of the queen. One richly embroidered a swort-belt with threads of gold; another wove a golden fringe for the coat-of-arms; and a third was equally intent in tracing various symbols on a banner.

From what internal emotion it is hard to say—for song is not always a sign of joy,—the queen, as she sat at her work, sung, from time to time, some of the verses of one of the canons of the day, in a sweet low voice, and in that sort of indifferent tone which seemed to show, that while her hands were busy with the embroidery, and her voice was as mechanically modulating the song, that nobler part of the mind which seems to dwell more in the heart than the brain, and whose thoughts are feelings, was busy with very different matter.

THE SONG FOR LOVE.

"O! where is Love?" the pilgrim said,
Is he prisoner? Is he dead?
I've sought him far with spear and lance,
To meet him, seize and bind him.
I've sought him in each tower of France,
Put never yet could find him—

There!"

Should these flowers in the treasure be azure or gold, Blanche?" demanded the queen.

"Gold, madam!—Oh, certainly gold!" replied the lady, and the queen resumed her work and her song.

"Oh where is Love?" he said again,
Let me not seek, and seek in vain!
In the proud cities have I been,
In cottages I've sought him,
Mid woods, 'mid sheepfolds on the green,
But none of them have brought him—

There!"

He is banished," replied the knight,
By the cold looks of our ladies taught—
"He is gone," said the lady fair,

"To sport in Eden's abours,
As for men's hearts, his old repair,
Treason alone new harbours—

There!"

I have found him," the pilgrim said;
In my heart he has laid his head,
Though banished from knighthood and ladies rare,
And even sheepfolds discard him,
In thy bosom shall be thy god's bair,
And with cullen bairies I'll guard him—

There!"

Was it not on Thursday the king went? demanded the queen.

"No, madam," answered the lady, who had spoken before. "He went on Friday; and he cannot be back till the day after tomorrow, if he come then; for that un courteous King of England is as full of wiles as of villainies, and will never give a clear reply; so that it always costs my lord the king longer to deal with him than any of his other vassals. Were I his brother, the Earl of Salisbury, who has been twice at Paris, and is as good a knight as ever were a lady's favour, I would sweep his head off with my long sword, and restore the crown to our little Arthur, who is the rightful king."

"Where is the young traitor?" demanded the queen. "I would fain ask him whether he would leave these straps on the shoulder of plain silk or of gold.—Suck for him, good girl!"

But at that moment a part of the tapestry was suddenly pushed aside, and a slight, graceful boy, of about fifteen, sprang into the room. He was gayly dressed in a light tunic of sky-blue silk, and a jewelled bonnet of the same colour, which showed well on his bright fair skin, and the falling curls of his sunny hair.

"Not so far off as you thought, fair cousin," said he, casting himself on one knee beside the queen, and kissing one of the small delicate hands that lay on the embroidery-frame.

"Not eaves-dropping, I hope, Arthur," said Agnes de Meranie. "You, who are so soon to become a knight, are too noble for that, I am sure."

"Oh, surely!" said the boy, looking up in her face with an ingenuous blush. "I had but been to see my mother; and, as I came back, I stopped at the window above the stairs to watch an eagle that was towering over the forest so proudly. I could not help wishing I had been an eagle, to rise up like it into the skies, and see all the world stretched out beneath me. And then I heard you singing, and there was no harm in staying to listen to that, you know, *belle cousine*," he added, looking up with a smile.

"And how is the Lady Constance now?" demanded the queen.

"Oh! she is somewhat better," replied Arthur. "And she bade me thank you, fair queen, in her name, as well as my own, for undertaking the task which her illness prevented her from accomplishing."

"No thanks! no thanks! Prince Arthur," replied

the queen. "Is it not the duty of every dame in France to aid in arming a knight when called upon? But tell me, Sir Runaway, for I have been waiting these ten minutes to know,—will you have these strays of cloth of gold or simple silk?"

This question gave rise to a very important discussion, which was just terminated by Arthur's prediction for gold, when a page, entering, announced to the queen that Guerin, the chancellor, desired a few minutes' audience.

The queen turned somewhat pale, for the first sting of adversity had gone deep in her heart, and she trembled lest it should be repeated. She commanded the attendant, however, to admit the minister, endeavouring, as much as possible, to conceal the alarm and uneasiness which his visit caused her. The only symptom indeed of impatience which escaped her appeared in her turning somewhat quickly round, and pointing to a falcon that stood on its perch in one of the windows, and amused himself, on seeing some degree of bustle, by uttering one or two loud screams, thinking probably it was about to be carried to the field.

"Take that bird away, Arthur, good youth," said the queen. "It makes my head ache."

Arthur obeyed; and as he left the room, the Hospitaller entered, but not alone. He was followed by a tall, thin, wasted man, dressed in a brown frock, or *hore*, over which his white beard flowed down to his girdle. In fact, it was Bernard the Hermit, that, for the purposes we shall explain, had once more for a time quitted his solitude, and accompanied the minister of Philip Augustus to Compiegne.

The Hospitaller bowed his head as he advanced towards the queen; and the hermit gave her his blessing; but still, for a moment, the heart of poor Agnes de Meranie beat so fast, that she could only reply by pointing to two seats which her women left vacant by her side.

"Madam, we come to speak to you on matters of some importance," said Guerin, looking towards the queen's women, who, though withdrawn from her immediate proximity, still stood at a little distance. "Would it please you to let us have a few minutes of your presence alone? Myself and my brother Bernard are both unworthy members of the holy church, and therefore may claim a lady's ear for a short space, without falling into the danger of evil tongues."

"I fear no evil tongues, good brother," replied Agnes, summoning courage to meet whatever was to come; "and though I know of no subject concerning myself that I could wish concealed from the world, yet I will bid these poor girls go at your desire. Go, Blanche," she continued, turning to her principal attendant,—go and wait in the ante-room till I call.—Now, good brother, may I crave what can be your business with so unimportant a person as my poor self?"

"As far, madam," replied Guerin, after a moment's pause, "as the weal of this great realm of France is concerned, you are certainly any thing but an unimportant person; nor can a fair, a noble, and a virtuous lady ever be unimportant, be she queen or not. My brother Bernard, from whom that most excellent knight and king, your royal husband, has, as doubtless you know, lady, received many sage and prudent counsels, has consented to join himself to me for the bold purpose of laying before you a clear view of the state of this realm, risking thereby, we know, to hurt your feelings, and even to offend our lord the king, who has anxiously kept it concealed from you."

"Hold, fair brother!" said Agnes, mildly, but firmly; "and before you proceed, mark me well! Where the good of my noble Philip, or of his kingdom of France, may be obtained by the worst pain you can inflict on me, let no fear of hurting my feelings stop you in your course. Agnes gives you leave to hurt Agnes for her husband's good. But where, in the slightest degree, the confidence you would place in me is in opposition to the will of Philip, your king and mine, the queen commands you to be silent.—Stay, good brother, hear me out: I know that you would say, it is for the king's ultimate good, though he may disapprove of it at present; but to me, good bishop, and you, father hermit—to me, my husband's wisdom is supreme, as his will to me is law; and though I will listen to your counsel and advice with all humility, yet you must tell me nothing that my lord would not have me hear, for on his judgment alone will I depend."

Guerin looked to the hermit, who instantly replied, "Daughter, you have spoken well, wisely, and nobly, and I—even I, marvel not—that my heart is like a branch long broken from its stem, withered, and verdureless—that Philip of France clings so fondly to one, where beauty, and wisdom, and love are so strangely united; strangely, indeed, for this world where if any two of such qualities meet, 'tis but at that eastern plant which blossoms but once an age. Let us only to council, then, my child, and see what best may be done to save the realm from all the horrors that menace it."

The hermit spoke in a tone of such unfeigned mildness, that Guerin, apparently doubting his firmness in executing the purpose that had brought them thither, took up the discourse.

"Lady," said he, "after the ungrateful occurrence which terminated the tournament of the Champpeaux,—forgive me that I recall what must pain you,—you can hardly doubt that our holy father the pope, in his saintly wisdom, considers that the decree of the prelates of France, annulling the marriage of the king

with Ingerburge of Denmark, was illegal, and consequently invalid. Need I,—need I, lady, urge upon you the consequences if our royal lord persists in neglecting or resisting the repeated commands of the supreme pontiff?"

Agnos turned deadly pale, and pointed to a crystal cup filled with water, which stood near. The minister gave it to her; and, having drunk a few drops, she covered her eyes with her hand for a moment, then raised them, and replied, with less apparent emotion than might have been expected, "You do not clothe the truth, sir, in that soft guise which makes it less terrible of aspect to a weak woman's eyes, though not less certain: but you have been a soldier, sir, and also a recluse, mingling not with such feeble things as we are; and therefore I must forgive you the hard verities you speak. What is it you wish me to do?—for I gather from your manner that there is some task you would fain impose upon me."

"Tained by the effect his words had had upon the queen, and feeling uncertain of how far he might venture without driving her to actual despair, embarrassed also by his small habits of intercourse with women, Guerin turned once more to the hermit.

"The task, my child," said the old man, in compliance with the minister's look, "is, indeed, a painful one—bitterly painful; but, if it approaches to the agony of martyrdom, it is by its self-devotion equally sublime and glorious. Think, daughter, what a name would that woman gain in history, who, to save her husband's realm from civil war and interdict, and himself from excommunication and anathema, should voluntarily take upon herself the hard duty of opposing not only his inclinations but also her own; should tear herself from all that was dear to her, and thereby restore him to his glory and himself—his realm to peace, and tranquillity to the bosom of the church—think what a name she would gain in history, and what such a sacrifice might merit from Heaven!"

"Stay! stay! my father," said Agnes, raising her hand. "Stay!—let me think!—and casting down her beautiful eyes, she remained for a few moments in profound thought. After a short pause, Guerin, lest the impression should subside, attempted to fortify the hermit's arguments with his own; but the queen waved her hand for silence, thought again, and then raising her eyes, she replied:—

"I understand you, father; and, from my heart, I believe you seek the good of my husband the king. But this thing must not be—it cannot be!"

"It is painful, lady," said Guerin; "but to a mind like yours—to a heart that loves your husband better than yourself—"

"Hold, my good brother!" said Agnes. "I, a weak, unwise woman, am ill fitted to contend with two wise and learned men like you; and therefore I will at once tell you why I reject a task that no consideration of my own feelings would have caused me to refuse:—no, not had it slain me!" she added, raising her eyes to Heaven, as if appealing there for the truth of her assertion. "In the first place I am the wife of Philip King of France; and my lips shall ever do my fame the dishonour to admit that for an instant I have been angry else since his hand clasped mine before the altar of St. Denis, in presence of all the prelates and bishops of his realm. I should dis honour myself—I should dis honour my child did I think otherwise. As his wife, I am in honour bound never to quit him with my good will; and to submit myself in all things to his judgment and his wisdom. His wisdom, then, must be the judge; I will in no case oppose it. If but in the slightest degree I see he begins to think the sacrifice of our domestic happiness necessary to the public weal, I will yield without resistance, and bear my sorrows alone to the grave that will soon overtake me; but never till that grave has closed upon me will I admit that there is another Queen of France; never will I acknowledge that I am not the lawful wife of Philip Augustus; nor ever will I oppose myself to my husband's will, or arrogate to myself the right of judging where he himself has decided. No! Philip has formed his own determination from his own strong mind; and far be it from me, his wife, by a word to shake his resolution, or by a thought to impeach his judgment!"

The queen spoke calmly but decidedly; and though no tone in her voice betrayed any degree of vehemence, yet the bright light of her eye, and the alternate flushing and paleness of her cheek seemed to evince a far more powerful struggle of feeling within than she suffered to appear in her language.

"But hear me, lady,—hear me once more, for all our sakes!" exclaimed Guerin.

"Sir, I can listen no longer!" said Agnes, rising from her seat with a degree of energy and dignity that her slight form and gentle disposition seemed incapable of displaying. "My resolution is taken—my course is fixed, my path is made; and nothing on earth shall turn me therefrom. The icy mountains of my native land," she continued, pointing with her hand in the direction, as she fancied, of the Tyrol, "whose heads have stood for immemorial ages, beaten in vain by storm and tempest, are not more immovable than I am. But I am not well," she added, turning somewhat pale; "I pray you, good sirs, leave me!"

Guerin bowed his head, yet lingered, saying, "And yet I would fain—"

"I am not well, sir," said the queen, turning paler and paler. "Send me my woman, I beseech you!"

Guerin made a step towards the door, but suddenly turned, just in time to catch the beautiful princess in his arms, as, overcome by excitement and distress of

mind, she fell back into one of those death-like fainting fits which had seized her first at the Champpeaux.

Her women were immediately called to her assistance; and the minister and the hermit retired, disappointed, indeed, in the purpose they had proposed to effect, but hardly less admiring the mingled dignity, gentleness, and firmness with which the queen had conducted herself in one of the most painful situations wherin ever a good and virtuous woman was placed on earth.

"And now, what more can be done?" said Guerin, pausing on the last step of the staircase, and speaking in a tone that implied abandonment of further effort rather than expectation of counsel. "What can be done?"

"Nothing, my son," replied the hermit,—nothing without thou wouldst again visit you fair unhappy girl, to torture her soul without shaking her purpose. For me I have no call to wring my fellow creatures hearts; and therefore I meddle herein no more. Fare thee well! I go to De Coucy Magny, as they call it, to see a wild youth whose life I saved, I fear me, to little purpose."

ANATHEMA AGAINST PHILIP.

* * * * * Such was the general state of France in regard to religious feelings when the kingdom was menaced with interdict by Pope Innocent the Third. The very rumour cast a gloom over the whole nation; but when the legate, proceeding according to the rigid injunctions of the pope, called the bishops, archbishops, and abbots of France to a council at Dijon, for the purpose of putting the threat in execution, the murmur and lamentations burst forth all over France.

Philip Augustus, however, remained inflexible in his resolution of resistance; and, though he sent two messengers to protest against the proceedings of the council, he finally suffered its deliberations to proceed, without a change of purpose. The pope was equally unmoved, and the Cardinal of St. Mary's proceeded to the painful task which had been imposed upon him, declaring to the assembled bishops the will of the sovereign pontiff, and calling upon them to name the day themselves on which the interdict should be pronounced. The bishops and abbots found all opposition in vain, and the day was consequently named.

It was about this period that Count Thibault d'Anvergne, having laid the ashes of his father in the earth, prepared to retrace his steps to Paris. His burden upon the earth was a heavy one; yet, like the over-laden camel in the desert, he resolutely bore it on without murmur or complaint, waiting till he should drop down underneath it, and death should give him relief. A fresh furrow might be traced on his brow, a deeper shade of stern melancholy in his eye; but that was all by which one might guess how painfully he felt the loss of what he looked on as his last tie to earth. His voice was calm and firm, his manner clear and collected; nothing escaped his remembrance; nothing indicated that his thoughts were not wholly in the world wherein he stood, except the fixed contraction of his brow, and the sunshiny coldness of his lip.

When, as we have before said, he had given his answer, as sovereign of Anvergne, into the hands of L'uncle, he himself mounted his horse, and, followed by a numerous retinue, set out from Vie le Comte.

He turned not, however, his steps towards Paris in the first instance, but proceeded direct to Dijon. Here he found no small difficulty in obtaining a lodgment for himself and train; the monasteries, on whose hospitality he had reckoned, being completely occupied by the great affluence of prelates, which the council had brought thither; and the houses of public entertainment being, in that day, unmet dwellings for persons of his rank. Nevertheless, dispersing his followers through the town, with commands to keep his name secret, the Count d'Anvergne, took up his abode at the house of a *taernice*, or virtuoso, and proceeded to make the inquiries which had caused him so far to deviate from his direct road.

These referred entirely to—and he had long before determined to make them—the property of the Count de Tancerville; on which, however, he soon found that King Philip had laid hands; and therefore, the story of Galon the Fool being confirmed in this point he gave up all further questions upon the subject, as not likely to produce any benefit to his friend De Coucy.

Ocupied as he had been in Anvergne, the progress of the council of bishops had but reached his ears vaguely; and he determined that the very next day he would satisfy himself in regard to its deliberations, which, though indeed they could take no atom from the load on his heart, nor restore one drop of happiness to his cup, yet interested him, perhaps, as much as any human being in France.

The day had worn away in his other inquiries, the evening had passed in bitter thoughts; and midnight had come without bringing even the hope of sleep to his eyelids; when suddenly he was startled by hearing the bells of all the churches in Dijon toll, as for the dead. Immediately rising, he threw his cloak about him, and, drawing the hood over his head and face, proceeded into the street, to ascertain whether the fear which those sounds had excited in his bosom were well founded.

In the street he found a multitude of persons flocking towards the cathedral; and, hurrying on with the rest, he entered at one of the side doors, and crossed to the centre of the nave.

The sight that presented itself was certainly awful. No tapers were lighted at the high altar; not a shrine

gave forth a single ray; but on the steps before the table stood the cardinal legate, dressed in the deep purple stole worn on the days of solemn fast in the church of Rome. On each hand, the steps, and part of the choir were crowded with bishops and mitred abbots, each in the solemn habiliments appropriated by his order to the funeral fasts; and each holding in his hand a black and smoky torch of pitch, which spread through the whole church their ungrateful odour and their red and baleful light. The space behind the altar was crowded with ecclesiastics and monks, on the upper part of whose pale and meager faces the dim and ill-favoured torchlight cast an almost unearthly gleam; while streaming down the centre of the church, over the kneeling congregation, on whose dark vestments it seemed to have no effect, the red glare spread through the nave and aisles, catching faintly on the tall pillars and gothic tracery of the cathedral, and lighting itself, at last, in the deep gloom all around.

The choir of the cathedral was in the act of singing the *Miserere* as the Count d'Auvergne entered, and the deep and solemn notes of the chant, echoed by the vaulted roofs, and long aisles, and galleries while it harmonized well with the gloominess of the scene, offered frightful discord when the deep toll of the death-bell broke across, with sounds entirely dissonant. No longer doubting that his apprehensions were indeed true, and that the legate was about to pronounce the realm in interdict, Thibault d'Auvergne advanced, as far as he could towards the choir, and, placing himself by one of the pillars, prepared, with strange and mingled emotions, to hear the stern thunder of the church launched at two beings whose love had made his misery, and whose happiness was built upon his disappointment.

It were too cruel an inquest of human nature to ask if, at the thought of Agnes de Meranie being torn from the arms of her royal lover, a partial gleam of undefined satisfaction did not thrill through the heart of the Count d'Auvergne; but this at least is certain, that could he, by laying down his life, have swept away the obstacles between them, and removed the agonizing difficulties of Agnes's situation, Thibault d'Auvergne would not have hesitated—no, not for a moment.

At the end of the *Miserere*, the legate advanced, and in a voice that trembled even at the sentence it pronounced, placed the whole realm of France in interdict,—bidding the doors of the churches to be closed, the images of the saints, and the cross itself, to be veiled; the worship of the Almighty to be suspended; marriage to the young, the Eucharist to the old and dying, and sepulture to the dead to be re-used; all the rites, the ceremonies, and the consolations of religion to be denied to every one; and France to be as a dead land, till such time as Philip the king should separate himself from Agnes, his concubine, and take again to his bosom Ingerburgh, his lawful wife.

At that hard word, concubine, applied to Agnes de Meranie, the Count d'Auvergne's hand naturally grasped his dagger; but the legate was secure in his sacred character, and he proceeded to anathematize and excommunicate Philip, according to the terrible form of the church of Rome, calling down upon his head the curses of all the powers of heaven!

"May he be cursed in the city, and in the field, and in the highway! in living, and in dying!" said the legate, "cursed be his children, and his flocks, and his dominions! Let no man call him brother, or give him the kiss of peace! Let no priest pray for him, or admit him to God's altar! Let all men flee from him living, and let consolation and hope abandon his death-bed! Let his corpse remain unburied, and his bones whiten in the wind! Cursed be he on earth, and under the earth! in this life, and to all eternity!"

Such was in some degree, though far short of the tremendous original, the anathema which the legate pronounced against Philip Augustus—to our ideas unchristian, and almost blasphemous; but then, the people heard it with reverence and trembling; and even when he summed up the whole by announcing it in the name of the Holy Trinity—of the Father—of all mercy!—of the Son—the Saviour of the world!—and of the Holy Ghost—the Lord and Giver of life to the people, instead of starting from the impious mingling of Heaven's holiest attributes with the violent passions of man, joined the clergy in a loud and solemn Imene!

At the same moment all the sounds ceased; the torches were extinguished; and in obscurity and confusion, the dismayed multitude made their way out of the cathedral." * * *

THE RESCUE.

The chapter preceding that from which we now quote, relates that Sir Guy de Coucy, on his way to Paris, had just been informed by Gallon that the Lady Isadore had been given to William de la Roche Guyon by King John; and from the introductory passages of this we learn that a small cavalcade was traversing the route between Pacy and Rolleboise—the principal personages of which were a lady and a knight to whose attentions she seemed averse—when the following scene ensued.

* * * "See you no ferry-boat along the river?" cried he. "Look out, Arnou!—look out! We must get across as soon as may be!"

"The ferry lies beyond this woody tongue of land, my lord," replied the man. "Tis not half a mile hence, and there is no town between; so we may pass easily;" and, spurring on, the party entered the pass between the wood which skirted down to the

road to the river on the one side, and the high chalky cliffs on the other.

The knight in the gilded armour had received a fresh rebuff from the lady whose favour he seemed so anxious to win; and having retired to his companions, who, as we have shown, were a few steps behind, was conversing with them in an earnest but under-tone, when from an ambush in the wood, which had escaped even the eyes of the advanced scout, rushed forth a body of horsemen, with such rapid force as to separate entirely the female part of the cavalcade from their escort.

It was done in an instant: but, in truth, it needed such rapidity of attack, to render it, in itself, anything short of madness; for, when the escort recovered in a degree from their first astonishment, they found that seven men formed the whole force that had thrown them into such confusion. Before, however, this became apparent, the leader of their adversaries shouting, "A Coucy! a Coucy!" spurred like lightning upon the knight we have before mentioned, and at one blow of his battle-axe dashed him under his horse's feet. A square behind shared the same fate; a man-at-arms followed; and each of De Coucy's followers, fighting as if inspired by the same daring valor that animated their lord, the escort were driven back along the road, leaving four or five saddles vacant. Then, however, the tide of the battle turned. The knights at the head of the escort saw the handful of men to which they were opposed, and ashamed of yielding a steed to so scanty a body, four of them united their efforts to attack De Coucy, while another rallied their followers; and the young knight was in turn driven back, now striking at one, now at another, now parrying the blows that were aimed at himself, and now showering them thick upon the head of the opponent that he had singled out for the moment.

Separated from the escort which attended her, the lady we have mentioned, with her women, had in the mean while endeavoured to escape from the scene of strife which had so suddenly arisen, by hurrying on upon the road; but the scout who had turned at the first noise of the affray, caught her bridle, and notwithstanding her prayers and entreaties, would not suffer her to proceed.

The danger indeed to which she was exposed was not for the moment great, as, by this time, the first impetuous attack of De Coucy and his followers had driven the escort back beyond the turn of the wood; and nothing could be gathered of the progress of the fight but from the trampling of the horses heard sounding this way or that, and the cries and shouts of the combatants approaching or receding as the battle turned.

"Lady Isadore! Lady Isadore!" cried a girl who followed her. "It is the Sire de Coucy! Hear you not his battle-cry? and I am sure I saw Ermold the page strike down an archer twice as big as himself, and send them the victory!"

"Hush! foolish girl, hush!" cried Isadore of the Mount, leaning her head to listen more intently.—"Hark! they are coming this way!—Free my bridle, soldier! Free my bridle, for the love of Heaven! How dare you, serf, to hold me against my will?—You will repent, whoever wins!"

The soldier, however, heeded neither the lady's entreaties nor her threats, though it so happened that it would have proved fortunate to himself had he done so; for, in a moment after, De Coucy, driven back by the superior force to which he was opposed, appeared at the turn of the wood, striking a thundering blow on the crest of one of the knights who pressed closely on him, while the three others spurred after at about three horse-lengths' distance.

No sooner had the blow descended, than the knight's quick glance fell upon Isadore. "Fly, Isadore! fly!" cried he. "You have been deceived into the power of traitors!—Fly! up the path to the right—to the castle on the hill!"—but as he spoke, he suddenly perceived the soldier holding her rein, and forcing her horse up a bank somewhat out of the current of the fight. Like lightning, De Coucy wheeled his charger; and, disappointing, by the turn he took, a blow that one of his adversaries was discharging at his head, he swung his battle-axe round in the air, and hurled it with sure and unerring aim at the unhappy scout. It needed a firm heart and well-practised hand to dismiss such a fatal missile in a direction so near the person of one deeply beloved. But De Coucy had both; and rushing within two feet of Isadore of the Mount, the head of the ponderous axe struck the soldier full on the neck and jaw bone, and dashed him from his horse, a ghastly and disfigured corpse.

"Fly, Isadore! fly!" repeated De Coucy, at the same moment drawing his sword and spurring his charger furiously against the first of his opponents. "Fly up to the right! The castle on the hill!—the castle on the hill!"

Isadore required no second injunction, but parted like an arrow from the scene of the battle, while De Coucy made almost more than mortal efforts to drive back the enemy.

Though he thus gave her time to escape, his valour and skill were of course in vain, opposed to numbers not inferior to himself in personal courage, and clothed in arms equal to those by which he was defended.

All he could do was, to give his scattered followers time again to collect about him; and then, satisfied with having delivered Isadore, to keep up a defensive fight along the road.

Even this, however, was difficult to conduct successfully in the face of a body of men so much superior to

his own in number, eager to avenge themselves upon him, and buried on by the knowledge that, being upon adverse ground, they must win their revenge quickly, or not at all. The four knights pressed on him on all sides, striving to bear him down to the earth; his armour was hacked and splintered in many parts; his shield was nearly cleaved in two with the blow of a battle-axe; several of the bars of his visor were dashed to pieces, so as to leave his face nearly uncovered; but still he retreated slowly, with his face to his enemies, shouting from time to time his battle-cry, to cheer the spirits of his men; and striking terrible sweeping blows with his long sword, whenever his opponents made general rush upon him.

One of these united attacks, however, had nearly proved fatal to the gallant young knight; for, in suddenly backing his horse to avoid it, the animal's feet struck against a felled tree, and he went down at once upon his haunches. "A Coucy! a Coucy!" cried the knight, striving to spur him up; but all four of his antagonists pressed upon him at once, beating him down with repeated blows, when suddenly two new combatants were added to the fight,—Philip Augustus and the Count d'Auvergne.

Both, though we have seen them in a preceding chapter opposed hand to hand, suddenly ceased their mutual conflict, and rushed forward to strike upon the side of De Coucy. The Count d'Auvergne, warned by his friend's well-known battle-cry, rushed, bare-headed as he was, into the midst of the struggle, and, striking with all the energy of insanity, dashed at once the foremost of the young knight's opponents to the earth. The king recognizing instantly, by the Norman fashion of their harness, the followers of his enemy King John, sprang on his horse; and, with the same chivalrous spirit that induced him in former days to attack King Richard's whole army near Corneilles with scarce two hundred knights in his own train, he cast himself in the foremost of the battle, and plied his weapon with a hand that seldom struck in vain.

The struggle, by its greater equality, now became more desperate; but it was soon rendered no longer doubtful, by the sight of a body of horse coming down at full speed on the road from the castle. The Normans, who had followed Guillaume de la Roche Guyon, now hastened to effect their retreat, well knowing that whatever fresh troops arrived on the spot, must necessarily swell the party of their adversaries. They made an effort, however, in the first place, to deliver their companion who had been struck down by the Count d'Auvergne; but finding it impossible, they turned their horses, and retreated along the line of road over which they had advanced, only pausing for an instant at the spot where the contest had first begun, to aid William de la Roche himself, who had, as we have seen, been cast from his horse by a blow of De Coucy's battle-axe; and now sat by the road-side, somewhat stunned and dizzied by his fall, and completely plundered of his fine armour.

"Haw! haw!" shouted some one from the top of one of the leafless trees hard by, as they re-mounted the discomfited cavalier. "Haw, haw, haw!" and in a moment, Gallon the Fool cast down one of the gay gauntlets on the head of its former owner, laughing till the whole cliff rang, to see it strike him on the forehead, and deluge his fair effeminate face with blood. The Normans had not time to seek vengeance; for De Coucy's party, reinforced by the troop from the castle, hung upon their rear, and gave them neither pause nor respite till the early night following a day in February closed in upon the world; and, fatigued with so long a strife, the pursuers drew the rein, and left them to escape as they might.

So fierce and eager had been the pursuit, that scarce a word had passed between De Coucy's party and their new companions, till, by common accord, they checked their horses' speed.

It was then that the two brothers in arms turned towards each other, each suddenly grasping his friend's hand, with all the warmth of old affection. "D'Auvergne!" cried De Coucy, gazing on his friend's face, down which the blood was streaming from a wound in his temple, giving to his worn and ashy countenance, in the twilight of the evening, an appearance of scarcely human paleness.

De Coucy!" replied D'Auvergne, fixing his eyes on the broken bars of the young knight's helmet. "De Coucy!" he repeated; and, turning away his head with a look of painful consciousness, he carried his hand to his brow, as if sensible of his infirmity, adding, "I have been ill, my friend—the hot sun of the desert, and Agnes's cold words when I delivered her father's message—a message I had sworn on my knighthood to deliver!"

"Ha! Then it was not—" cried Philip eagerly: "but let us return to some place of repose!" added he, remembering his disguise, and cutting across a topic which, besides being painful to himself, he loved not to hear canvassed near the ears of strangers. "Let us return to some place of repose.—We have to thank you, Sir Knight!" he added, turning to the leader of the horsemen who had joined them from the castle—we have to thank you for your timely aid."

"Not so, beau sire!" replied the knight, bowing to his saddle-bow. "We were warned of the strife by a lady, who claimed refuge in the castle; and we instantly came down to strike for France!"

"You did well!" replied the king. "Hark you, Sir Knight," and approaching his horse, he spoke for some moments to him in an under-voice, to which the only reply was, "You shall be obeyed."

In the mean while, the men-at-arms and the follow-

ers of De Coucy, who had paused to breathe after the first heat of the affray, began to mingle in conversation upon the events that had just taken place, and the causes which had given rise to them; and very soon all the noise and clamour of explanation, and wonderment, and questioning, and boasting succeeded which usually follows any very active struggle. In the course of this hubbub, De Coucy's name, situation, quality, the news he had heard concerning Guillaume de la Roche Guyon, and the means he had taken to surprise him, and deliver the Lady Isadore, were explained to every body whom it might concern, with that almost childish frankness and simplicity which was one of the chief characteristics of the age of chivalry.

To this the king listened attentively; and then, turning to De Coucy, he said, "S'r Guy de Coucy, this adventure which you have just achieved is worthy of your other exploits! I will beg leave to ride with your train to Paris, where doubtless you are going. This good knight," he added, pointing to the leader of the troop from the castle, "informs me that the lady your good sword has delivered from that traitor Guillaume de la Roche Guyon, is in safety with the fair Queen Agnes; and he adds, that it is the queen's will, that no man, except the garrison of the castle, shall be admitted within the walls."

"If such be the case, I must submit of course," replied De Coucy: "and yet I would fain speak but a few words to the Lady Isadore to inform her why I attacked her escort; for, beyond all doubt, they lured her away from the chateau of Moulineaux upon some fine pretext."

I will take care that your conduct be rightly stated, beau sire," replied the officer; "but as to your speaking with the lady, I fear it cannot be; for the queen will doubtless hold her, both as a liege vassal of the crown, and as hostage for her father's faith; and she has vowed, that during her absence from our noble lord the king, no man shall enter her gates, except such persons as the king himself has placed about her. Be assured, however, Sir Knight, that the lady shall receive all honourable treatment, and that your high deeds and noble prowess shall be spoken of in becoming terms."

De Coucy mused a moment. "Well," said he, at length, "what must be, must be! To Pari, then!" for I bear the king both sad and important news."

"Ha!" cried Philip; but then again remembering his disguise, he added—"Are they such as a stranger may hear?"

"They are such, Sir Unknown Knight," replied De Coucy, "as will be soon heard of far and wide: but the king's ears are to be the first to hear my tale." D'Auvergne," he added, turning to the count, "I pray you, let my page bind up that gash upon your temple. If I see rightly by this pale light, the blood is streaming from it still. Let him stanch it for thee, I pray!" "Not so! not so, good friend!" replied the count, who, while this conversation had been passing among the rest, had been leaning silently against an oak, with his eyes bent thoughtfully upon the ground. "Not so! It does me good. Methinks, that every drop which trickles down, and drops on the dust at my feet, takes some of the fire out of my brain. I have been mad, I fear me, De Coucy—I am not quite right yet; but I know, I feel, that I have done this good knight some wrong. Pardon me, Sir Knight," he added, advancing to the king and extending his hand—"pardon me, as you are a good knight; and true."

"I do, from my soul!" replied the monarch, grasping the count's offered hand, and casting from his heart at the same moment far greater feelings of enmity than any one present knew but himself: "I do from my soul. But you stagger!—you are faint!—Bind up his wound, some one! Stanch the blood—he has lost too much already!"

The monarch spoke in a tone of command that soon called prompt obedience. The Count d'Auvergne's wound was instantly bound up; but before the bleeding could be stopped he fainted, and in that state was borne to the cave from which he had first issued to attack the king. Here he was laid on a bed of moss and straw, which seemed to have formed his usual couch; and was after some difficulty recalled to animation.

De Coucy, having so far seen him restored to a state of safety, burthened with the tidings of Arthur's murder, which he was eager to announce as soon as possible to the sovereign and peers of France, took leave of his unhappy friend; and leaving his page and one of his men to guard and tend him, he set out with the king on the road to Paris. Two prisoners who had been taken, as well as one of De Coucy's followers, severely wounded, were left in charge of the seneschal of the castle, who also undertook to see the rights of sepulture bestowed on one or two of the soldiers whose lives had been sacrificed in the affray."

A new *Coffee-pot* has been invented in Paris, by which the coffee is made without evaporation, the lamp extinguishes itself as soon as the coffee is made, the water comes down on the coffee, of its own accord, in a boiling state, which retains in the coffee the whole of its aroma; and in addition to this, judging by the prints of the vessel, which we have seen, it makes a handsome ornament.

Anagram. One of the happiest anagrams in any language, is that which has been made from Pilate's question to our Saviour—"Quid est veritas?" (What is truth?) These three words make the following anagrammatic sentence; est vir qui adest. (The man whom you see before you.)

E. Newsletter.

THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 22, 1831.

THE FIRE-KING.

MONSIEUR CHABERT, of whose exploits in swallowing poison, eating fire, and sitting in a hot oven, the public has heard so much, is now in this city astonishing the natives. His exhibitions are most amusing—and not the less so for the imperfect manner in which he speaks the English language, and his French gestures and volubility. We had the pleasure of attending his first lecture, and will endeavor to give our readers some idea of the man, of his experiments, and his manner of illustrating them.

He is a strong-built, well-looking Frenchman, some forty years of age, wearing mustachios, and apparently endowed with a most vigorous constitution. Indeed it must require one of no ordinary nature to enable him to live and thrive on fire, poison, scald oil, and the like. He told the audience he had fortified himself against all harm by a mode of which he alone had the secret, and which he could not afford to explain, as thereby he got his livelihood.

"Gentilman and lady," said he, "me vill show you one experiment of taste de red-hot shovell de fire. Me vill no sheat de company—me taste him red-hot. Look—look, gentilman and lady, here is de shovell, and here is my tongue"—holding up a fire-shovel glowing hot, and running out a tongue of most ample length and breadth—"Here is de shovell de fire in my hand, and here is my tongue run out of my mout. Now I tooshe my tongue to de shovell as you see."

With that he drew it deliberately over the red-hot iron two or three times, and then showed it to the spectators.

"Here is me tongue, gentilman an lady, he no burn—he no roast—he no broil. You satisfy yourself I tell de trut—no deceptione, me no impostor to sheat you."

"Me vill now show you one experimong, o take de phosphor—de poison—he kill de animal life—four gram kill o man—you read Monsieur Orlila, he tell you—no deceptione—no mistake. Here is de phosphor in dis vial—dis littell bottell; but I no wish you think me sheaty you—I vill no use me own phosphor, if some gentilman vill be so good as furnish me."

Here some doctor or chemist, having a quantity of phosphorus about him, handed it to Mons. Chabert, and he proceeded.

"Tankey you—tankey you, sare. Now de gentilman and lady vill be satisfy I no sheat den by make use of de false artikell. Me vill take forty grain, forty five—in—hunder grain—just so mouse as one gentilman please. Here is de scale—de balance for weigh him. Vill some gentilman weigh him for me dat you sure be, I no sheaty you!"

Doctor Y——stepped forward and weighed out thirty grains, and the Frenchman prepared to swallow it; and that the company might be satisfied there was no deceptione, he laid his neck bare, and laid hands fastened behind.

"Dat you be sassy, gentilman and lady, I no deceive you, I vill remove me cravat from me troat—you see den de phosphor no slip down in my collaire, de shirt—I unbutton me collaire; den I no tooshe him vid my hand—you tie me hand behind me—no deceptione—no trick—all plain before you, as face on you nose."

Mons. Chabert now knelt down, and opened his broad mouth; and Doctor Y——, having prepared the medicine in a spoon, administered it to the patient, who immediately cried out—

"De vataire! de vataire!"

A tumbler of water was held to his mouth, of which he took swallow or two, to wash down the phosphorus; and Doctor Y——, turning to audience, declared he had never before given so strong a dose in all his practice!

"Tis all down now—all down my troat. If some gentilman doubt—some gentilman think me sheat him here is my mout vide open—examine for yourself—put you fingaire in my mout—see you no feel de phosphor."

Several persons thrust their hands into his mouth, and after a thorough examination, expressed themselves satisfied that he had honestly swallowed the dose. But in order to remove any possibility of doubt, as well as to show the exploit of eating fire, Monsieur lighted a flambeau, and held the burning end in his mouth; and then bit off and chewed, with great apparent gusto, the blazing part, saying—

"Here, gentilman and lady, me put de blaze flambeau in me mout—you see—if me no swallow de phosphor, he catch him fire—you see him burn—you detect me for one impostor. I shew him up de fire in my mout—you no see him burn? den you sassify, me no sheaty you."

"Here is one experimong, vich I will now show you, dat any gentilman can do. 'Tis easy one notting—'tis just put you fingaire in de melt lead—he is lead melt in dis ladell—try him—try him once—dip in you fingaire—vont you, sare? vont you? vont no gentilhomme? Vat! all feared? Den I do it myself. See, I dip me fingaire in de melt lead—I stir him up—I wash my hand in him—I put him in my mout—and keep him dere so long he cool."

During all this jabber the experiment was going on of dipping his finger in the melted lead, putting it fluid into his mouth, chewing it up and spitting it out solid, &c.

"Me vill now, gentilman and lady, show you de experiment of drink de scald hoil. Here is one flask de Forence—you see 'tis contain oil. Some gentilman may easilly by taste, me no wish to shear you."

He then heated the oil to 347 degrees of Fahrenheit, and dipping up a table spoonful, prepared to swallow it.

"You see, gentilman and lady, here is de scald hoil—having evidently infected his English with the Cockney pronunciation—you look de termometaire you see how many degree heat—no deceptione. Here is de spoon de tabell—and here is my mout open; so! here go!"—pouring the oil into his mouth and smacking his lips. He then licked the spoon clean, and afterwards wiping it, desired some of the company to handle it.

"Tooshe it—toosie it; me no wish to dirty you hand—me wipe him clean—me no sticky you hand vid de hoil up—me no sooly your fingaire."

Sone took hold of the spoon; but they suddenly withdrew their fingers, being perfectly satisfied of the temperature of the oil, from the heat which the spoon still retained.

The grand oven experiment was that which attracted most attention. None of the spectators had ever seen a baked Frenchman, and had a laudable curiosity to know how he would bear the operation, and in what state he would come out of the oven.

"Gentilman and lady," said he, "I vill now show you de grand experimong of get in de hot oven. I heat him four hunder degree—four hunder fifty—you no come so late—you see him hottaire, ven he vas sax de clock. Here is de termometaire—me hang him suspend in de middell de oven—he no tooshe de side—de bottom—you see him suspend on dis hook—look—look, gentilman, for your own sassification—me no wish to deceive you."

The thermometer, after being in some minutes, was brought out and found to be nearly four hundred, having fallen considerably on coming to the outer air; so that doubtless the temperature of the oven was not less than four hundred and fifty. Having donned a farnought great coat, as he said to prevent his taking cold when he should come out again, and put on his head a little leather cap shaped like Mambrino's helmet, Monsieur entered the oven, taking along with him several pounds of beef-steak, to cook during his stay. He had a large tube which came through a hole in the door for the convenience of breathing the fresh air, as well as for holding converse with the people outside. All things being ready, he sat down upon his iron chair, and the oven was closed. But not so the Frenchman's mouth. He talked incessantly; and if any fears had been entertained that he would presently bake to a *crump*, they were thoroughly dispelled by his ceaseless volubility. In fact his tongue only seemed to run more glib, the warmer he grew.

He frequently inquired how long he had been in the oven. "One minute"—"two minutes,"—"three minutes," &c. were the answers.

"Only tree minute! vat, no longaire? You must no sheaty me, gentilman—considare how hot it is here—four hunder fifty degree—eh! more as dat—five hunder—tis above bake de bread heat. You dont know how terrecibl hot it is. Vat time is it now?"

"Six minutes, wanting a few seconds."

"Me no vant de second—me sure 'tis sax minute vidout no second at all. Oh sacre! it grow hottaire and hottaire. You must no deceive me, gentilman—'tis ver hot here."

Finally, Monsieur began at length to melt into a song and sang most melodiously a love ditty—"Famour—Famour," &c.—proving very conclusively that his love was not destitute of the proper warmth. Having staid eight minutes, the door of the oven was opened, and out came the Fire-King, burning hot—at least his coat could not be touched without burning the hand. Running up to the spectators, he exclaimed—

"Tooshe me! tooshe me!" offering his dress for them to feel—as also his pulse, which was found to be a hundred and forty.

The steak was now brought forth, and found to be excellently cooked, of fine flavor, and fit for the tooth of a prince—nay, for that of an editor himself, of whom several were present to give it the proof. There was no little pushing among the crowd to get a taste;

and never was platter of meat despatched in shorter time than this steak of Mons. Chabert.

"Vell, gentilman and lady," concluded the Frenchman, "I am ver glad you like my cookerie. Me understand how for cook meat in de best mannaire. To-morrow evening me vill cook two steak, and eat de hoven sax hunder degree; and it will give me one grand pleasure, if I ave de sassificatione of see de gentilman and lady here again."

So ended the first lesson; and the assemblage were highly gratified—carrying away with them the certain conviction that if ever Old Nick should get Mons. Chabert into his hands, he could make nothing of him, because he must be absolutely fire-proof; and several persons who entertain a sort of suspicion that they shall finally become the prey of the arch-enemy, we understand are exceedingly anxious to get at the Frenchman's secret, that they may be fortified in like manner.

MR. ANDERSON.

What dire offence from little causes springs!
What mighty contests rise from trivial things!

POPE.

A great and most ridiculous excitement has been raised in this city from a very trifling cause. Mr. Anderson, a singer of some distinction, came over from England a few weeks since, in one of the American packets, to fulfil an engagement at the Park Theatre. During the voyage he seems unfortunately to have got upon the *terr-side* of another passenger, between whom and himself some hard words took place; and he is accused of having "*damned the Yankees!*" and spoken disrespectfully of the country and its institutions. He also had a dispute with the mate, who, after landing, is reported to have given him a black eye and a bloody nose. The condition of his face, in consequence of this encounter, prevented his appearance at the Park for several weeks; and in the mean time an opposition had been brewing to burst forth in a terrible fermentation on his first appearance.

This was made on Thursday evening, the 13th inst. He was advertised as Bertram in the Opera of Guy Mannering. But his opposers mustered in considerable strength, and he was received with hisses, groans, cat-calls, apples, oranges, and other very audible and tangible proofs that at least a part of the audience were determined not to hear him. How great a part, not having been present, we cannot say; but we understand they prevailed, and though the play was got through with, the uproar was such as entirely to prevent his being heard.

On Friday he published an "*Appeal to the Public*," through the medium of the papers and also in the shape of handbills—in which he denied any recollection of having spoken disrespectfully of the American people, or of having had any design whatever to insult them; that he was so unfortunate as to have had a disagreement with a passenger on the voyage, and that if in the heat of dispute he had said any thing which could give offence to the Americans he deeply regretted it.

This appeal was considered to be manly and satisfactory by many of those who had opposed him on his first appearance, and who from this time determined to hear and judge of him by his professional merits. But there is another class of play-goers who attend the theatre for the sake of being amused, and do not trouble themselves with the private affairs of an actor, or meddle with his out-door concerns—justly deeming that they have nothing to do with his conduct, except on the stage.

This, with the class before mentioned, constituted on Saturday evening, as far as we were able to judge, a pretty large majority of the whole audience. But a theatre is not like a republican government—a majority cannot always rule, because the minority, even if it consist of but a small number of voices, can easily make so much noise as to prevent the actor being heard.

The play on Saturday evening was to be the same as on Thursday. The house was crowded at an early hour; and the opposing party commenced their operations before the curtain arose, by hurling some missiles on the stage, and by a most patriotic call to the orchestra for "*Yankee Doodle! Yankee Doodle!*" They were gratified with the music—and at length the play began. The first act, in which Bertram does not appear, was performed amidst some noise, but without opposition.

When, however, the curtain was raised for the second act, and Mr. Simpson came forward with the design of reading Mr. Anderson's "*Appeal*," he was received with so much hissing and noise, that it was impossible he could be heard. He then endeavored to obtain the sentiments of the audience in relation to Mr. Anderson—and asked whether he should go on with his part—"No! no!" exclaimed the negative—"Yes! yes! bring him on!" shouted the affirmative. Some of the opposition too, we believe, were in favor

of his coming forward that they might have an opportunity of using the addle eggs and other missiles with which their pockets were filled. But as the uproar was great and there was little chance of his being heard, the manager thought it prudent to withdraw him; and *The Bold Dragoons* was announced as a substitute. This arrangement was received with great applause by the opposition, and with abundance of hissing by the other party.

After some little interval, during which Master Burke volunteered to amuse the audience on his violin, the curtain rose for *The Bold Dragoons*. But those who had gone with the intention of hearing Mr. Anderson, were determined to listen to no other play; and, "Anderson! Anderson! Guy Mannering, or no play!" was vociferated from various parts of the house; and hisses, cat-calls, tin whistles, two-penny trumpets, apples and oranges, were employed to prevent the acting of *The Bold Dragoons*.

Finding this would not go down, the manager again came forward to know what the audience did want. "Anderson! Anderson!" exclaimed some. "D——n him!" roared others. "Box him up, and send him back to England!"—"Master Burke! Master Burke!" bawled a third party.

"Ladies and gentleman," said Mr. Simpson—then suddenly glancing about the assemblage to ascertain if there was a single female present, he looked up with a sort of quizzical smile at some half dozen Cyprians, who were blushing like a red cabbage in the third tier, the only representatives of their sex in the house—and this turn for a moment won a laugh and a round of applause. But these were soon replaced by hisses and noises of all kinds, accompanied with some little demonstrations of battle between the most pugnacious of the opposite parties; and it was with great difficulty the manager could be heard in a pathetic appeal, that they would at least respect the property of the establishment. "We will! We will!" resounded from all sides, and the manager retired.

A mimic piece, called *The Animated Statues*, which had been advertised as a part of the evening's entertainment, was now enacted; and as the noise could not effect its performance, it was suffered to go through with a tolerable degree of quiet.

But when the curtain rose for *The Farce of Winning a Husband*, the uproar again commenced. The supporters of Anderson determined, if he could not be heard, neither should any body else. On this principle, the hissing and other noises were renewed. Applause and other missiles were also employed. Mrs. Barrymore and Mrs. Wallack looked frightened; Mr. Richings smiled, and walked the stage with admirable grace and apparent philosophy; and Mr. T. Placide held his coat collar up to his ears as an armour of defense. The curtain at length dropped, and the entertainments closed, some two hours earlier than usual.

During the (attempt at) performance, a flag was displayed, from the third tier, with the figure of a sailor bunting up the eyes of Mr. Anderson, and uttering the following words:

"WILL YOU DAMN THE YANKEES?"

Little else worthy of note took place inside of the theatre; but a mob collected outside, and broke all the lamps, and several panes of glass in the windows. As an excuse for destroying the lamps, it was alleged that Mr. Price, instigated by a love of royalty and not having the fear of our republican institutions before his eyes, had, wilfully and with malice prepense, ordered the removal of the eagles with which the aforesaid lamps had formerly been surmounted. This foolish allegation, as appears by a card since published by Mr. Simpson, was entirely without foundation—he himself having taken down the eagles for the purpose of repair.

The mob again collected on Sunday night at an early hour; and following the patriotic example of the evening before—or rather exceeding it—fell to work *ri et armis*—with stones and brick-bats—to demolish the remaining windows. They were as "*busy as the devil in a gale of wind*," breaking pane after pane, and hurling most vociferously at every successful hit—when Mr. P. Hone, having as we understand looked in vain for our worthy Mayor, came himself with a posse of the watch, who seizing some of the ringleaders, the violence ceased.

But the crowd still continued in front of the theatre—several thousand persons being congregated—some of whom used menacing language, demanded the release of their companions, and ran to the watch-house to effect their rescue. But not succeeding in this attempt, they returned and called loudly for, "*The Eagles! The Eagles!*" "*The American Flag!*" "*The Tri-colored Flag!*" &c. All these being at length hung out from the windows, the pat-riotism of the mob became satisfied, and they shouted, "*Hurrah! hurrah, for America!*"

Somewhat late in the evening, the Mayor was found, and with Alderman Sharpe and some of the police officers, appeared on the ground and humbly intreated.

the sovereign mob, since they had got all they asked for, to disperse to their homes. Being so entreated, it had been ungenerous to refuse, and they graciously condescended to retire!

On Monday the lamps were repaired and the eagles replaced. In the evening all was quiet inside; but some ten or fifteen thousand persons were collected in front of the theatre, blocking up the doors and stopping the carriage way. Their patriotism, however, was satisfied without doing any mischief; and they contented themselves with a constant hurrahing for our victory of the night before.

The expression of opinion, in relation to the merits of an actor, whether by applause or the contrary, is doubtless allowable. But personal violence, or the destruction of property, is utterly inexcusable. By bowing to the mob, the city authorities have given a bad precedent, and one which they may find troublesome hereafter: for having yielded in one instance, they only invite new aggressions. Of all rule, that of the mob is the most to be deprecated.

THE FAIR—MR. EVERETT'S ORATION. The shows, novelties and excitements of the last week were very numerous; but among them all, none can be contemplated with so much pride and pleasure as the Fair of the American Institute. The specimens of Manufacture were exceedingly numerous, and gave very gratifying evidence of the growing and flourishing condition of that branch of industry in our country. It would be a task beyond our limits, or the general design of our paper, to specify the various articles, or to name the competitors.

Masonic Hall, in which the exhibition was held, was crowded with the most respectable visitors both day and evening, during the three days the Fair continued: and many thousand persons of both sexes had the pleasure of witnessing what the Americans can do, with the aid of proper encouragement. The articles exhibited were in themselves so many proofs, visible and tangible, of real patriotism and love of national independence; and of more value than all the frothy declamations about love of country from the days of Absalom the despot, who "stole the hearts of the people," down to the time of our own demagogues, who attempt to carry the heads of the people as well as their hearts.

We said we could not specify the articles; but there was one specimen of manufacture, which we cannot help mentioning, not on account of its great value, but because of its entire novelty and the no little stir it made among the ladies—we mean the *hornets'-nest bonnets*—of which there were two, that attracted very great attention.

On the evening of the second day the Oration before the American Institute was pronounced by Mr. Everett, the learned and eloquent member of Congress from Middlesex county, Massachusetts. The audience expected something excellent, and they were not disappointed. But we are sorry to say there was much disappointment of another kind—and that was the impossibility of getting—not a seat—but even a standing place—to thousands who had prepared their ears for the gratification of hearing Mr. Everett.

Murray-street church had been engaged; but the intervention of a most vexatious orthodoxy closed the doors of that building; and at a late hour, St. Matthew's Church in Walker-street was procured—a building which could not contain half the people of that previously engaged. Here, though the committee of the Institute obtained room for the delivery of the Oration and the accommodation of as many people as could get in, it was on the express condition that there should be no clapping of hands nor any other heathenish and ungodly symptoms of applause. But alas! the admiration of the audience would occasionally break out at some burst of the orator's eloquence; and the repeated cry of "*Order!*" was requisite to restrain the hands from expressing the convictions of the head and the feelings of the heart. Indeed there were many among the assemblage, who had the hardihood to believe, that worse things than Mr. Everett's Oration had been spoken in a church, and on a Sunday too; and that if no greater desilement should ever enter the walls of the sanctuary than a discourse on Manufactures, they would not need white-washing three thousand years.

RICHMOND HILL THEATRE. This establishment, we understand, is nearly completed; and is to be opened on or about the 7th of November. Mr. Russell, the manager, has advertised for a Prize Address, to be spoken on that occasion: the premium of fifty dollars is offered for the best—not to exceed sixty lines. Here is a chance for our poets.

BIG JOHN AND LITTLEJOHN. A zealous maker of proselytes in the interior of the State, by the name of Littlejohn, having thrust himself with very little ceremony into the house of a sturdy farmer, whose wife he was attempting to bring over to the faith in the absence of her husband, was very abruptly broken in upon by that most unwelcome gentleman.

"Is your name Littlejohn?" said the farmer.

"Ye-ye-yes, sir," replied the clergyman, a little taken aback by the abruptness of the man.

"Well, sir," returned the other, "my name is Big John, and if you don't clear the coop in short order, I'll show you the difference between us two."

Littlejohn, surveying the brawny limbs and determined air of Big John, was perfectly satisfied of the difference, without any more striking proof—and acted accordingly.

Erratum. At the head of 1st column p. 386, for Ingis read Jones.

DESOLATORY SELECTIONS.

From the Journal of Health.

HEALTH AND LAUGHTER.

There is a good story, says a late amusing writer, of a man, who dismisses all the common notions of respect from his mind; and in lieu of prostrating himself before wealth or rank, bows with the utmost humility before his superiors in health. He turns his back upon a paralytic duke, but bends his perwig to the dust before a peasant or artificer who has cheeks as ruddy as the morning, or sinews that compete with Hercules! and this is after all, not so absurd. For, if we are to worship men only because they have the greatest power of enjoyment in their reach; it matters little to us from what source it is derived—from an overgrown fortune or a gigantic form; from the three per cent consols or a rosy face; from a good constitution or a lordly name! It is, perhaps, partly on this account, (from the idea that the movers of laughter must also be the persons who enjoy it the most,) that we entertain such respect for the son of Monus. Our *gratitude*, however, depends of course upon another cause,—the pleasure which they yield and have for many a year yielded to ourselves. What! shall we forget Hogarth, and Gillray, and Bunbury, and Cruikshank? (we mean Cruikshanks, the illustrious *George*; the first of that name, not Robert.) Do we nothing to the Marriage à la Mode? to the Harlot's Progress? to the Rake's Progress? to Gin Lane? to Morning, Noon and Night? to the March to Finchley? Shall we wipe out Gilray and his political jokes from our memory? Bunbury and his caricatures, (*Pistol eating his leeks*, &c.?) Shall we; but we *cannot* if we would for he stares at us from every window; shall we discard from our recollection the inimitable George Cruikshank, who has so often and in so many ways moved our muscles into mirth? We cannot be so base or so thankless to Nature; to rearing, laughing, ranting Nature, as to forget these things, or grow solemn or supercilious without strong occasion.

Elsewhere, we are very properly told that laughter is healthy exercise. It shakes the system, disperses the morbid humors, extinguishes envy, annihilates the spleen, puts the blue devils to flight, and spreads summer and sunshine, and cordiality wherever it appears. To "laugh and grow wise," to "laugh and grow fat," a little more than synonymous. To all, therefore, who do not wish to remain in ignorance, to all who do not wish they were "a little thinner," we recommend a loud, a hearty, a continuous roar. Democritus, the laughing philosopher, was one of the wisest of men. He lived laughing for a hundred years, and then died unlamenting. What misanthrope or mephit of modern times can do so much? Are all the grim affectations of *Childe Harold's* worth an ounce of laughter? Not a grain! They do good to no one. They are "entertainment" neither "for man nor beast." They make us lean, stupid, ungrateful. Shakespeare was the merriest of men; and he was the wisest. He laughed when he held the gallant's horses at the playhouse door, and saw them so "trimly dressed," and "perfumed like milliners!" He laughed when Falstaff, ("old Jack Falstaff!") with Mercutio, with Biron, with Beatrice, with Rosalind, with Benedict. He laughed at Pistol's swaggering, at red nose Bardolph, at the gable of Justice Shallow, at Slender, and Glendower, and Malvolia, at Froth, and Francis, and Bottom, and Wart, and Mouty, and hundred others. Nay, doubtless, he laughed also when he had finished Lear, (that mighty tragedy, to which alone there is no rival in letters,) and thought and knew that he had achieved a thing, of which past ages could afford no parallel, and which future times must struggle in vain to excel.

Great and wise men have loved laughter. The vain, the ignorant, and the uncivilized alone have dreaded or despised it. Let us imitate the wise where we may. Let our Christmas laugh echo till Valentine's day, our laugh of Saint Valentine till the first of April; our April humor till May day, and our May merriment till mid-summer. And so let us go on, from holiday to holiday, philosophizing in laughter at least, till at the expiration of our century, we die the death of old Democracy, cheerful, hopeful, and contented, surrounded by many a friend, but without an enemy; and re-

membered principally because we have never, either in life or death, given pain for a moment to any one that lived!

AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The accounts of his poetry, the field sports and the formation of his different Waverly stories, have been copied every where; but we have not seen the following quiet and happy description of the manner in which the author of Waverly settled down into a country gentleman before quoted:

"In the meantime years crept on, and not without their usual depredations on the passing generation. My sons had arrived at the age when the paternal home was no longer their best abode, as both were destined to active life. The field sports, which I was peculiarly attached, had now less interest, and were replaced by other amusements of a more quiet character; and the means and opportunities of pursuing these were to be sought for. I had, indeed, for some years attended to farming; a knowledge of which is, or at least was then, indispensable to the comforts of a family residing in a solitary country house; but although this was the favorite amusement of many of my friends, I have never been able to consider it as a source of pleasure. I never could think it a matter of passing importance, that my cattle, or crops, were better or more plentiful than those of my neighbours, and nevertheless I began to feel the necessity of some more quiet out-door occupation than I had hitherto pursued.

I purchased a small farm of about one hundred acres, with the purpose of planting and improving it, to which property circumstances afterwards enabled me to make considerable additions; and thus an era took place in my life, almost equal to the important one mentioned by the Vicar of Wakefield, when he removed from the Blue room to the Brown. In point of neighbourhood, at least, the change of residence made little more difference. Abbotsford, to which we removed, was only six or seven miles down the Tweed, and lay on the same beautiful stream. It did not possess the romantic character of Ashiestee, my former residence, but it had a sketch of meadow land along the river, and possessed, in the phrase of the landscape gardener, considerable capabilities. Above all, the land was my own, like Uncle Toby's Bowling-green, to do what I would with. It had been, though the gratification was long postponed, an early wish of mine to connect myself with my mother-country, and prosecute those experiments by which a species of creative power is exercised over the face of nature. I can trace, even to childhood, a pleasure derived from Dodslay's account of Shenstone's Leasowes, and I envied the poet much more for the pleasure of accomplishing the objects detailed in his friend's sketch of his grounds, than for the possession of pipe, crook, flock, and Phillis to boot of all. My memory also, tenacious of quaint expressions, still retained a phrase which it had gathered from an old almanac of Charles the Second's time, (when everything down to almanacs affected to be smart,) in which the reader, in the month of June, is advised for health's sake to take a walk of a mile or two before breakfast, and if he can possibly manage, to let his exercise be taken upon his own land.

With the satisfaction of having attained the fulfilment of a long cherished hope, I commenced my improvements, as delightful in their progress as those of a child who first makes a dress for a new doll. The nakedness of the land was in time hidden by woodlands of considerable extent—the smallest of possible cottages was progressively expanded into a sort of dream of mansion-houses, whimsical in the exterior, but convenient within. Nor did I forget what is the natural pleasure of every man who has been a reader, I mean the filling the shelves of a tolerably large library. All these objects I kept in view, to be executed as convenience should serve; and although I knew many years must elapse before they could be attained, I was of a disposition to comfort myself with the Spanish proverb, 'Time and I against any two.'

From the Atlas.

It having been intimated that the letter relative to the Savage trophies, lately copied into this paper from Mr. Campbell's Annals of Tryon County—it appearing to be the same published by Dr. Franklin as a "supplement to the Boston Chronicle"—is not a genuine document, in justice to the author, and for a fair representation of the case, we copy Mr. C.'s note on the subject, addressed to the Editors of the Courier and Enquirer. It would be gratifying to believe that it was wholly a fabrication. Dr. Franklin's supplement leaves us much in the dark as to the particular data he had; but we copy what we find on the subject.

GENTLEMEN—In your paper of this morning I noticed a paragraph requesting me to state whether the letter inserted in the appendix to 'Annals of Tryon County,' and containing an invoice of scalps, is genuine. This letter was extracted from a file of a paper printed at Fishkill, called the New-York Packet, under date of Jan. 26th, 1783, and was credited

by the Packet to an English paper.—There was no note or comment accompanying it. A detachment of the American army lay within a few miles of Fishkill and the same file of the Packet contained an account of some movements in the camp. I knew from other sources that the statements made in the letter were in the main, true; and believing it to be genuine I inserted it as I found it. For instance, there is no doubt that large rewards were paid for every American scalp, and I have been frequently told by those who were eye witnesses that the scalps were hooped and dried, and in this manner sent to Canada. Tioga, too, was one of the principal rendezvous of the six nations, from whence they issued forth and laid waste the settlements of western Pennsylvania and New-York. Since the publication of this volume, my attention was called to this letter by a gentleman of this city, and by referring to the first volume of Dr Franklin's works, page 410, I find the following notice accompanied by a fac simile of the original supplement, containing the letter in question. It will be noticed that the letter is predicated upon facts.

Notwithstanding Dr. Franklin's various and important occupations, he occasionally amused himself in composing and printing, by means of a small set of types, and a press he had in his house, several of his bright essays, *bagatelle* or *jeux d'esprit* written chiefly for the amusement of his intimate friends: among these were the annexed, printed on a half sheet of coarse paper, so as to imitate as much as possible, a portion of a Boston newspaper.

The repeated accounts received from America of the horribly cruel manner in which the Indian allies of Great Britain prosecuted the war against the peaceable inhabitants of the United States, murdering defenseless farmers with their wives and children, and carrying off their scalps, for the reward promised in proportion to the number (said already to have amounted to *two thousand*) was the foundation of a project which he formed for awakening the feelings of humanity to due sense of the barbarity which one of the cabinet ministers had avowed in the House of Lords, as employing the means which Providence placed in their hands:—the following letter shews the nature of the facts upon which he projected a series of newspapers or of papers so printed as to imitate a paper at that time printed in Boston called the *Boston Independent Chronicle*.

Respectfully, your ob't servt.

WILLIAM W. CAMPBELL.

Remarkable Fatality of the late Mr. Huskisson.—There are some persons who are reported never to have come into action without being wounded. Mr. Huskisson seems to have labored under a similar fatality, in regard to accidents, from his earliest infancy to that fatal one which closed his career. As a child, he fractured his arm; a few days before his marriage, his horse fell with him, and he was severely hurt; soon after he was knocked down by the pole of a carriage, just at the entrance to the Horse Guards; in the autumn of 1801, being then in Scotland, at the Duke of Athol's, he missed his distance in attempting to leap the moat, and gave himself a most violent sprain in the ankle, accompanied with a considerable laceration of some of the tendons and ligaments of his foot, and it was many weeks before he was able to leave Scotland; indeed, the effects of this accident was visible in his gait during the remainder of his life. He afterwards fractured his arm by a fall from his horse, at Petworth; and again, in 1817, by his carriage being overturned. On this occasion none of his surgeons could discover the precise nature of the mischief; but Sir Astley Cooper, was of opinion that the bone was split from the fracture up to the joint. The recovery was slow and his sufferings very severe, as all kinds of experiment were employed to prevent the joint from stiffening. In spite of every exertion, he never recovered the full use of his arm; and a visible alteration in the spirit of elasticity of his carriage resulted from the injury. He was constantly encountering accidents of minor importance; and the frequency of them, joined to a frame enfeebled from the severe illness under which he suffered during his latter years, had given rise to a certain hesitation in his movements, wherever any crowd or obstacle impeded him, which may, perhaps, in some degree have led to that last misfortune, which to his friends and to his country may well be termed irreparable. *Biographical Memoir of the late Mr. Huskisson.*

New England Fisheries.—The Boston Patriot informs us that "the Cod Fishery on the Banks and off shore, has this season been unprofitable, in consequence of the innumerable dog-fish which infest the grounds. Both the market fishermen from this quarter, and those who cure fish, make loud complaints of their depredations; they can scarcely get their hooks into the water before the bait is seized by the dog-fish, which also drive off the cod and haddock. The dog-fish are killed in vast numbers, yet they seem scarcely to be diminished. At this season, they are so small that their rough skins, used to polish furniture, &c. are not worth taking off. Late in the fall they are of some value." Other papers make the same complaint.

Electioneering Jokes. The Stick with two faces. We have heard an anecdote the other day which amused us not a little. One of the candidates for office whilst going the rounds met an old Dutchman whom he annoyed with requests to vote for him. The honest old fellow carried a stick that had two faces upon it, and when asked for his suffrage by the candidate, answered holding up his stick, "no sir, you are too much like my stick."

TRANSMIGRATIONS.

A dream is partial insanity; we are all of us mad some hours in the twenty-four, and he that relates his dreams recounts but the ravings of a lunatic; for such are the operations of the mind, when it is released from the control of the judgment, and left to the guidance of the will. Poor Abon Hassan, "the sleeper awokened," suffered many stripes, because he could not consider as a vision what he truly saw, and it was only when he consented to believe as one mad, that he was treated as one sober.

I was myself much puzzled in this way, and I am not prepared, even now, to assess rate that it was "all a dream." The operations of fancy, however, are rapid. Space was never an obstacle to the imagination, and our notions of time are vague and indistinct. The poets say, that we measure time by suffering, and not by years—

"In that moment o'er his soul,
Winters of memory seemed to roll."

Suffering leaves its mark upon the soul, as upon the brow, while happiness passes like a bright cloud of summer, and leaves no trace. Years of enjoyment roll uncounted by, but hours of pain are faithfully registered.

"For who with clear account remarks
The ebbing of his glass—
When all the sands are diamond sparkles
That dazzle as they pass?"

Would that a dream could be told without the eternal recurrence of the first person as the principal agent or sufferer, though a dream has the justification of presumption for being a *lore*. Perhaps it was no dream, but (if not reality) one of those warning visions, graciously sent, to turn men from evil by shewing forth the consequences of persisting in it.

Some years ago, a commercial purpose carried me to India. There was nothing in that "climate of the sun" that so much struck me as the magnificent vegetation of the East, and I often passed an hour beneath an old banyan tree, that held in its branches the nests of a hundred kinds of birds, and that might have sheltered a regiment of horse. It was near the Ganges, and seemed like a great pavilion of green. It was a sublime natural temple, and inspired more devotion and awe than any fabric can do that is reared by the hand of man. It covered three acres of ground, and seemed at a distance like a huge cloud resting near the surface.

Here I fell asleep one afternoon, after conversing with a Pundit, on the doctrine of Metempsychosis. He had assured me that he could remember so much of his own transmigrations, as to be certain that he had existed previously, both as an antelope and a boar, and the change from the last, as far as it had advanced, could little surprise one who should see the philosopher himself.

I recovered consciousness to find that I was no longer a man, and to remember that I had too often abused the advantages that reason gave me, by oppressing animals of a less elevated class. It was now impressed upon me that I should pass into the body of one of each species, that I had ever wantonly injured. This seemed to be a work of time and suffering, yet I was glad to escape so well, for I felt that plain justice might require me to run a longer race of pain, by dooming me to suffer in the body of each individual.

As my first victim had been a sylvan fellow creature, I now found myself a Woodchuck, fat and sleek, sitting at the verge of my hole in a field of clover. The costume was pre-eminently good; I felt not only strong, but satisfied; and I became so happy in pairing with a young female, whose paw I solicited, that I would not have exchanged existences with an elephant, if now removed from the old folks, and dug a new hole under the roots of a maple tree, and the habitation was much the abode of comfort, as I was the picture of contentment.

I was, however, soon in a condition to sit for a very different picture; for coming out one morning, I was caught, by the left fore leg, in an iron trap of so barbous a construction that it crushed the bone. An uncombed rustic soon came up and despatched me with a cudgel, and I died in the knowledge that I had too often drawn a dull razor over his hard face, reflected in a cracked mirror, to forget the visage in one transmigration.

I next became a Trout, in a transparent stream. I was the most beautiful and graceful of fish; my motion seemed simple volition, and the eye could hardly follow it. No tail that dipped his wing in the stream could escape me, and I would often leap out of the water and seize him in his own element.

Once, on a cloudy morning, I beheld a tempting worm floating down the current. I appropriated it in a moment, and in the next I was flapping between the hand finger and thumb of a truculent farmer's boy, whose visage I had somewhere seen before. It must have been the same wretch that murdered me as a quadruped. Providence forbid that he should ever become the impaled worm wherewith he beguiled me. His barbed hook drew out my very heart, and he threw me quivering into a basket among many other speckled victims.

Thus having lived on the earth, and in the waters, I was next brought into a different life, from the blue egg of Robin. I grew up a red-breast of much generosity, and on Saint Valentine's day, I chose a mate whom nothing but death could divide me. We constructed our nest in the branch of an old apple-tree, and had soon a brood of four to provide for, to which, I trust, I performed the duty of a parent. But man's excess of happiness is the beginning of sorrow.

There came from the north a storm of hail, and the stones were of such a pitiless magnitude that no unsheltered robin could live. Yet the mother bird still persisted in sitting upon her nest, covering her offspring with her wings that fluttered in the convulsions of death. For a few days I provided for the helpless and unfledged young, until a cruel shot from a bad boy brought me, mortally wounded, to the earth. I was miserably mangled, yet I was hurt more by the thought that my death would be followed by the entire desolation of the nest.

These three exigencies had given me small gratuity to mankind, yet my next life was to be passed among them; for I became a brindled Cur, of no elevated lineage, but, I trust, not without fidelity. After nine days of darkness, I opened my eyes in a farmer's kitchen, the vassal of a rude stripling, to whom I felt I must look for protection and kindness. His first act was to cut off my ears and tail, and if I loved him not the better for the pain he inflicted, I felt that I could love him no less. It was not that he was amiable, for he was the reverse, but I had strong within me the principles of love and fidelity. Why could I not speak and tell him so? I could only whine and look wistfully at his eyes, which none forever followed. We were companions inseparable, and he was, I think, as happy as I, when we hunted the rabbit and squirrel together. But with his manhood came other pursuits. I noted, however, that when these satisfied him, he would forget old Albdel; but, that when he felt the neglect or ingratitude of later friends, he would pat me on the head, as if he remembered, at least, one of the faithful. I had once the satisfaction of saving his life, for when he overset his canoe in paddling after ducks, I brought relief in time to save him. Ever after, I enjoyed increased consideration in the family; and when the adventure was mentioned, I never failed to wag the stump of my tail.

O my master! my master! for your own happiness, if not for my sake, why did you act so hastily? There had been various charges laid against me for worrying sheep, and in one case the evidence seemed so strong of my having killed an old bell-wether, that I could have justly justified my master in surrendering me as the culprit. Alas! did I escape such testimony, to be executed on bare suspicion? It was in the Canicular Days, when our great Sirius shed its rays over languid nature; the cook-maid had dashed upon me a pailful of cold water as I slept in the sun, yelping, in my dreams, after a hare. I was so little pleased with the salutation, that I snapped her greasy fingers, and ran away from the uplifted mop-stick, with my tail, as I suppose, not very erect. I was forthwith accused of hydrophobia, of which suspicion is conviction. I saw some preparations in the way of pitchforks, that gave me no pleasure, and I was struck to the heart with sorrow to see my master bring forth his gun. I retreated—not from fear of death, but because I could not bear to die by the hand that had so often fed me. My retreat seemed to settle the question of the disease, though, had I remained to be quietly knocked on the head, subsequent investigation might have produced a posthumous acquittal! I was chased like a wolf, and I would not bear it long; feeling myself to be too old a dog to run away, and to make new friends, I turned about, and the whole army of farmers stood at bay. I verily believe that had I charged upon them, not one would have stood firm. My master was in the front, and as I went slowly towards his levelled gun, I received the contents in my side. He came up to me, and must have discovered that I had been unjustly used; for my last act was to lick his hand, and my last look gave him more pain, than his shot had inflicted upon me.

Reader! I awoke under the great banyan—unless, I had again transmigrated into a human body—that of a wandering merchant, who resolved never more to kill for sport a living thing, or to persecute an animal so faithful and true as Poor Tray.—N.E. Magazine.

MAD POET OF PARIS.

"Monsieur le Marquis de Chabannes, the prince of political poets, is the sole surviving representative of an ancient family in Gascony. During the first Revolution, he encountered many moving accidents by flood and field;" while yet an unfeigned youth he witnessed the destruction of his father's chateau, by an incendiary mob of peasants; he saw his sire dragged to the scaffold, and his mother die of grief and terror. This dreadful catastrophe, doubtless, operated painfully on the young Marquis's mind; since, up to the period of the second Revolution, his life has been one continuous scene of marvellous and contradictory events and adventures. He emigrated to America, but, disgusted with civilized society, he soon left the busy haunts of the Yankees, for the wilds of the savages. After escaping the perils of the tomahawk and scalping-knife, the Marquis became tattooed, naturalised, and was installed son-in-law of an Indian chief. Taken prisoner in a westward expedition against a hostile tribe, he was condemned to the stake, with all the honours and horrors of an Indian execution; he contrived, however, to escape, and ultimately arrived at Quebec, where he first commenced his literary career, by a pasquinade on the Government. Obliged to 'cut and run,' he successively visited and vituperated most of the great European states and statesmen. After many hair-breadth escapes, as a free-mason in Spain, and a carbonaro in Italy, he took up his residence in London, where he variously practised as a teacher of languages, a dancing-master, and *coquiner*. His roving disposition led him to cross

the channel incognito; he was discovered by Fouche's emissaries and conducted to Paris, where the First Consul not only emancipated him, but treated him with a degree of favour; Bonaparte wishing, at this time, to conciliate the emigrant party. The Marquis was re-instated in a part of his territorial property, which had remained unsold, and led a life of pleasure; till, his resources failing, he betook himself once more to his grey goose quill, and attacked the chief of the state. A *mandat* being issued against him, he took French leave, and snuggled himself over again to Old England, where he remained till the restoration, when he returned with the *faithful* swarm of absents. He afterwards married, and retired to Brussels with a pretty round sum he raised on the anticipated *incidente aux émigrés*. His excursions to Aix-la-Chapelle, and other fashionable watering-places, having reduced his purse to "low water," he again resumed his lettered occupations, and commenced a process to dissolve his marriage; he lost his suit, and being considered somewhat akin to the *non compos mentis* family, he was sent across the frontier to his native land. In Paris, he again outran the constable, and at the period of the Revolution last year, was the humble occupant of an original poetical *passe-partout*-shop in the new *Galerie de l'Europe*, close to the residence of the Duke of Orleans, his illustrious landlord. It was from that *dépot de brochures*, that he launched forth his paper thunderbolts against the Ministers Polignac and Peyronnet; his windows were covered with political caricatures, all in *inimitable* verse; and, in spite of the police, he managed to preside in his satiric hold, till the eventful day of the fatal ordinances in the face of these stern decrees, he boldly placarded a string of philippics on the Jesuits and the government; and it is a *fact*, scarcely known in England, that the Revolution began by the police attempting to storm the *boutique* of the Marquis de Chabannes. Since that epoch, consistent in his inconsistencies, he has regularly attacked all the Ministers in rotation. Though he has been brought before the tribunals fifty times, he has always come off with flying colours; lately, however, his situation became so intolerable from the crowds it attracted, that he was constrained, "against his will," to quit his old dwelling, for a new *squib-shop* in the *Passage de Saumon*, an abode in perfect keeping with such an odd fish. Independent of his *magasin*, he has about a score of pedestrian hawkers of his quotidian productions, who perambulate the streets with a sort of paper pyramid at the end of a long pole, which is covered with his daily devices. Notwithstanding all his follies and frolics, the Marquis is a perfect gentleman in his manners; but his costume, though neat as a quaker's, is never two days together of the same style; sometimes he is attired in the mode of the *ancien régime*, then again in the dress of a republican of 1789; another time you see him arrayed in a *blouse à la Belgique*, and, finally, like a *demi-sauvage*. His conversation is rational, and even *piquant*; but when the political chord is touched, he shines in all his glory. Whatever may be thought of the quality of his reason—in the quantity of his rhyme he beats all the bards of modern days, hollow—and, it must be allowed, that he now and then stumbles on a lucky hit!"—Paris Letter.

AUTHORS.

SCENE—Buchanan Lodge. TIME—Seven o'clock. Claret—the Standard. Post, Albion, Bull, Age, Alfred, &c., and various new Books on the Table.

Ticker.—As for Mr. Bulwer, laying the most hackneyed common-places out of view, the majestic features, elegant mien, intense loves, and indomitable nerves which his heroes share with ten thousand Belville and Derville—those air-drawn personages are nothing, if not coxcombical. Who can think, with common patience, of his endless chatter about their tapering fingers, their "feet small to a fault," their velvet robes-de-chambre, and the violet damask curtains of their dressing rooms?

North.—Horrid puppyism!—These books, however, all contain detached scenes of interest and power, both serious and comic—they are all written with ease and vigour, and abound in sentences and expressions which speak the man of observation and reflection—they convey the impression of an ardent, ambitious, energetic mind, and of an elegant taste in letters. It is very true, that these things are not enough to constitute a good novelist; I will even admit that the good parts of what he has as yet written would have been more acceptable if presented piecemeal, in the shape of magazine articles; but still I can see no reason to doubt, that if Mr. Bulwer will give himself fair play—if he will condescend to bestow more thought, before he begins his book, or what it is to be—to consider that the materials which might do well for a single volume may all but evaporate into thin air when diffused over the surface of three—to write more slowly than he has hitherto done—and to correct (which hitherto he does not seem to have done at all) before he publishes—he may win a permanent place.

Ticker.—His politics—

North.—His politics I care nothing about; Politics, truly!—The general tone of his morality is of a cast rather above what has of late been common among writers of his order—many beautiful and generous sentiments are unaffectedly introduced in his pages, and it would afford me very sincere gratification to find him doing more justice to himself.

Ticker.—God knows, there are warning examples enough. Had gash John Galt now, instead of spinning out one hasty trif after another, until panting

"Puff tools after him in vain," proceeded as he began, leisurely condensing, in brief, compact tales, "the harvest of a quiet eye," who can doubt that by this time the *Ayrshire Legatees*, the *Annals of the Parish*, and the *Provost*, would have been considered as the mere prolixions and inept experiments of his fancy, instead of remaining, after the lapse of ten years, the only ones among his novels that can be regarded with any approach to satisfaction by those who estimate their capacity as it deserves? His historical romances in the higher vein are already as dead as if no *Waverleys* and *Old Mortalities* had ever called them into the mockery of life; and of his comic novels, in three volumes, although each contains obviously the elements of a capital single volume, there is probably not one that has ever been read through a second time.

North.—Considered as a novel, perhaps the last that I have seen, *Laurie Todd*, is the least worthy of him; yet it would be impossible to praise too highly the exquisitely quaint humour of various concep-tions, the gems of shrewd sarcastic philosophy which here and there shine out in its narrative, or the dramatic beauty of various fragments of its dialogue. To see such things so thrown away is to me melancholy. No doubt that particular book will have very extensive success in the market, because of the valuable practical suggestions to persons emigrating to America; but I certainly must regret that such materials should have been, comparatively speaking, sacrificed.

Ticker.—Confound haste and hurry! What else can account for Theodore Hook's position? Who that has read his "Sayings and Doings," and, above all, his "Maxwell," can doubt, that had he given himself time for consideration and correction, we should have been hailing him, ere now, *nem. con.*, as another Smollett, if not another Le Sage? Had he, instead of embroiling his humour upon textures of fable, as weakly transparent as ever issued from the loom of Minerva Lane, taken the trouble to elaborate the warp ere he set about weaving the woof—which last could never have been any trouble to him at all—upon what principle can any man doubt that he might have produced at least one novel entitled to be ranked with the highest? Surely sheer headlong haste alone—the desire, cost what it may, to fill a certain number of pages within a given time—could never have tempted such a writer, one whose perceptions of the ludicrous have such lightning quickness, into tampering with such materials as make up, without exception, his serious, and above all, his pathetic scenes. Those solemn common places produce the same painful sense of incongruous absurdity which attends the admixture of melo-dramatic sentimentalities in a broad farce at the Haymarket. Loves and tears, and grand passions, and midnight bags, and German suicides, alongside—*parietibus nullis*—of his excellency the Governor-General, and Mr. Godfrey Moss! What would one say to Julia de Rouligne, spun thread about in the same web with Humphrey Clinker?

North.—I agree with you, and I sincerely hope this novel improvisatore will pause ere it is too late, and attempt something really worthy of his imagination. But as it is, such is the richness of the *ris comis* showered over these careless extravagances that unless he himself throws them into the shade by subsequent performances, I venture to say they have a better chance of being remembered a hundred years hence than any contemporary productions of their class—except only those of the two great lights of Scotland and Ireland—"jamadum adscripta Camenaeis."—Noctes.

NOVICES IN FASHION.

A "new woman," like a Bath actress, may generally be detected by an excess of finery and affectation. She wears the shortest petticoats and longest seductives, the most prodigal superfluity of chains, sequins, or ferronnières, the most marvellous hats which Curzon can manufacture to catch the Birmingham eye, the most remarkable *foulard* imported by Howell and James. Her plume is mounted an inch higher than any other in town, her vis-a-vis hung a foot lower, her footmen scent the stone lobby of the opera with their perfumes, and her coachman's wig is curled after the fashion of a glass pool at a china shop. In giving a dinner she orders that nothing may appear at table which will be provided at any other for three months to come: in giving a ball, it must be either masked, or, at the least, *costume*; every thing belonging to her self or her household must be peculiar and eventful, and calculated to make a sensation. Her carriage is always the earliest in the string to the drawing-room, the latest at Kensington garden gate. She appears at Paganini's concert just as the Signor has finished the last note of his last rondo; and at St. George's Church, on the conclusion of the Litany. Her subscription to the Refugee Hottentots, or any other fashionable charity, doubles that of any Royal Highness, and she sends to Paris for the nicknames which grace her stall at any Infirmary Bazaar.

A "new woman" of this description, is usually some recently inheriting baronet's wife; or, perhaps, some unexpected peeress, newly smuggled like illicit whiskey, from the bogs of Ireland; or, the wife of a President of the Council from Calcutta; or a milionnaire, emancipated by miraculous speculations, from the chrysalis of a city alley. Such a person, in the meridian of her wealth and charms, has no time to lose. She feels that she must take the fortress of fashion by storm; that she must startle the world into an admision of claims to notice; and accordingly;

renders herself and her name a by-word. About personages of this class, there is always a restless, conscious, uneasy air, which betrays them in a moment. Not a groom of the chambers, nor a milliner's apprentice throughout the metropolis, but can detect them at first sight.

Next to the absurdity apparent in themselves, is the folly of which they are the cause in others. The patronizing fine lady who stands god-mother to their nonentityism, is at least as ridiculous as the "new woman" she affects to bring forward. The obliging impertinence with which she *proters* the fair unknown on this occasion, bespeaks indulgence for her, on the other; acknowledging that "she is not one of us," it is true, but she is wonderfully improved, and will do very well in time, is infinitely diverting. "Poor soul!" she would really look like other people, if she knew how; but she has been living somewhere in the Borough all her life, and an *air distingué* is not to be acquired in a day. My dear Lord R——, help us to humanize my little friend! I know you seldom patronize a "new woman," but I really think she will do us credit at last! While all this time, the deluded aspirant imagined the fashionable world to be lost in wonderment at her elegance, splendor, and popularity! A "new man" is in most instances a far more offensive, because a far more audacious animal. Some boy Viscount, fresh from the University, or half-bred man endowed by the caprice of fortune, with the bearded millions of a miserly uncle, who has debarraged him throughout his lifetime of a gentleman's education, and a new coat. The younger the "new man," the more vexatious and frivolous his pretensions. He talks loud in the lobby of the Opera, bullies the waiter of the Clarendon, makes merry with the damsels of the counter at Ginter's or Grange's; produces some miraculous innovation in the harness department, sports a cane with a head like that of a parish beadle's staff, and a carriage like that of a Paraguay *admiral*. He buys himself first into Parliament, and next into all the columns of all the newspapers;—is perpetually "entertaining a select party at his mansion in May Fair," or departing "for his villa at Kemp Town;" even his tumbles at Melton are duly advertised. "To his own sex, such a being is a bore of appreciable magnitude. Like the fly on the wheel, he fastens himself upon the dignity of every established man of fashion, to whom he can beg, borrow, or steal an introduction; fancies that the exhibition of his dressing box at Storr's, entitles him to call Lord F. "my dear fellow," and Colonel A. "George," after a week's acquaintance; and that because his postillions drank Champagne at Aesop, he is privileged to waylay Lord A——, or any other demi-god of fame, on his sortie from White's, and fasten on his arm for the remainder of the day. While hundreds of men, tolerably well established in society, stand at a humble distance, sighing to dance with Lady Emily or the beautiful Miss B——, the "new man" boldly demands her hand, ("engaged") for the third, fourth, fifteenth, twentieth, quadrille or gallopade; and places himself as pertinaciously behind her chair, at the supper table, as the most privileged admirer. After audaciously attempting originality in a hat or surout, or some other ostensible garment, the "new man" ceases not to sun himself in "day's harsh eye," whenever two or three are gathered together. His chariot or tilbury stares you in the face whenever you go)—at the Park, Gardens, Horticultural, Zoological, Ourang-outang, the Levee, the Drawing-room, the Opera, or in whatever spot a fraction of beau monde is to be found, traces of this intrusive male may be seen, working his way into notice.—*London Court Jour.*

LINES BY THE LAKE.

This placid lake, my gentle girl,
Be emblem of thy life—
As full of peace and purity,
As free from care and strife:
No ripple on its tranquil breast
That dries not with the day;
No pebble on its darkest depths
But quivers in its rays.

And see, how every glorious form
And pageant of the skies,
Reflected from its glassy face,
A mirrored image lies:
So, be thy spirit ever pure;
To God, to virtue given;
And thought and word and action bear
The imagery of heaven!

George W. Doane.

OVERFLOWING OF THE OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI.

In "Audubon's Birds of America" is the following description of one of those overflows of the above rivers which occasionally deluge the western coast of the United States: so sudden is the calamity, that every individual, whether man or beast, has to exert his utmost ingenuity to extricate him from the dreaded element. The Indian quickly removes to the hills of the interior; the cattle and game swim to the different strips of land that remain uncovered in the midst of the flood, or attempt to force their way through the waters, until they perish from fatigue. Along the banks of the river, the inhabitants have rafts ready made, on which they fasten themselves, their cattle, and their provisions, and which they fasten with ropes or grape vines to the larger trees;

while they contemplate the melancholy spectacle presented by the current, as it carries off their houses and wood yards, piece by piece. Some who have nothing to lose, and are usually known by the name of squatters, take this opportunity of traversing the woods in canoes, for the purpose of procuring game, and particularly the skins of animals, such as deer and bear, which may be converted into money. They resort to the low ridges surrounded by the waters, and destroy thousands of deer, merely for their skins, leaving the flesh to putrefy. The river itself, rolling its swollen waters along, presents a spectacle of the most imposing nature. Although no large vessel, unless propelled by steam, can now make its way against the current, it is seen covered by boats laden with produce, which, running out from all the streams, float silently towards the city of New Orleans, their owners meanwhile not very well assured of finding a landing place even there. The water is covered with yellow foam and pumice, the latter having floated from the Rocky Mountains of the northwest. The eddies are larger and more powerful than ever. Here and there tracts of forests are observed undermined, the trees gradually giving way, and falling into the stream. Cattle, horses, bears and deers are seen at times attempting to swim across the impetuous mass of foaming and boiling water; whilst here and there a vulture or an eagle is observed perched upon a bloated carcass, tearing it up in pieces, as regardless of the flood as on former occasions it would have been of the numerous sawyers or planters (*logs*) with which the surface of the water is covered when the water is low. Even the steamer is frequently distressed. The numberless trees and logs that float along, break its paddles and retard its progress. Besides, it is, on such occasions, difficult to procure fuel to maintain its fires; and it is only at very distant intervals, that a wood yard can be found which the water has not carried off. Bears, cougars, lynxes, and all other quadrupeds that can ascend the trees, are observed crouched among their top branches; hungry in the midst of abundance; although they see floating around them the animals upon which they usually prey, they dare not swim to them. On occasions like this, all these animals are shot by hundreds.

CLERICAL ECCENTRICITY.

The following amusing sketch of Irish eccentricity, which at the same time proves the power of the priest-heresy in Ireland, is given in the last number of the *Library Gazette*:—Mr. O'Dwyer, of Waterford, being annoyed by his nephew welding a low and inferior person, resolved to punish his heir presumptive by taking a wife to himself. He judiciously fixed upon a young lady whose father had much influence in the county, and was moreover, to receive a *real* fortune of a thousand guineas on her wedding-day. The eccentric, over-bride and bridegroom prepared to depart for their abode, which had been, "illigently fitted up." The thousand guineas, which were literally told down, were thrown, *a la Islandaise*, into an ancient trunk, amongst other sundries appertaining to Mr. and Mrs. Dermot O'Dwyer. This trunk was strapped at the back of a man described as "rather an uncomfortable morsel of the 'make-shift' species," two fine spirited horses were harnessed to it, and the fair bride was conveyed to her future dwelling. The next morning the bridegroom, wanting some money, thought he would go to his black trunk for it; but, on counting the sum over—not of his own free will, but by the advice of his servant Dennis O'Hanley—into what he called his cash-box, he was dismayed at the discovery that the sum was minus 350 guineas! "Flage ye'r honor," says Dennis, "that's no way strange seeing that the mice, or maybe the rats, the beasts, have, by way of employment, eat as good as seven or eight holes in the heart's blood of the trunk, had access to 'em for a pack of Tories!" It was quite true—plenty of holes there certainly were; and now nothing could be done, except trying to get the money back again.—In these days there was but one way of effecting this—sealing for Father Dillon, the kindly but illiterate parish priest, and inducing him to "speak of it from the altar." "And sure I'll do that same, honey, with all the veins of my heart," he said, "there's not one of them shall dare even to drink a drop of it this way weather. I'm glad I heard it before the confession; for in them we're bound, ye understand." Next Sunday Father Dillon from the altar made the following proclamation:—Good people—though, upon my conscience, there's more nor I can say to ye all—but good, bad, and indifferent, then—just as you stand before me.—(Mrs. Dwyer, me'am, stuff something in that child's mouth, to hinder him from kicking up such a bother!)—as I was saying, just as ye are, I want to discourse ye. My good friend and parishioner, Dermot O'Dwyer, Esq., who has lived man and boy in the one place, for more than three hundred years, without ever spending cross or coin—Jerry, Jerry Finan, agn't just clap ye'r wig into the pyren pane that's at the back of my head!—Tim Dooly, you that call yerself glazier, it's astonishing to me, come to this holy house as ye do every Sunday, that ye hav'n't had the grace to stick a bit of glass into the window for the love of God and ye'r priest!—cross or coin, as I said, in foreign parts, but spends every farthing he has, and ten to the back of them, amongst you (ye unruly pack of devil-savvy creatures); like a gentleman as he is, seeing he could not be otherwise. Well, Mr. O'Dwyer has had the misfortune to drop out of a blackguard hole in his thrunk a matter of about; but the sun's no concern of yours; I know what it is; and what's more, I know who's got it; and if every farthing o' the money isn't returned by to-morrow morning either to me or to his honor, I'll publish ye, and penance ye, and excommunicate ye; and it's the devil'll have nice pickings then, when none dare say God save, or God speed ye! And sure it's the black shame has come

over me, to think that the minute ye see the temptation the ould boy threwh in yer way, ye didn't come straight to me, and let me know the rights of it. Go you in the blue cloak (about sixty women wore no other garb) twas ill luck took ye so soon from yer own hearth stone last Tuesday! but if ye repent and return the money, I'll contrive a penance that will clear ye once more, for yer poor soul's sake.

O! O! O! to think how busy the ould one was in my parish—easy known I was sleeping at the same time. There is fresh holy water at the door—take plenty of it—sure I never begrimed ye; for, God save us! poor ignorant crathurs like ye cant see how the very air is full of evil spirits—things that go buzzing about like blue bottles, and whisper ye to forget yer God, and yer duty, and yer priest. (Martin Doyle! is the horse gone lame, that ye never sent a sod of turf to my poor place, and yer own rick built up as high as the hill of Howth? Oh! Martin, Martin, yer a bitter summer, and so was yer father before ye.) Am I in regard, as I said, of Mr. O'Dwyer's money: look to it, directly, I say, or else—and ye'll have reason to think o' my words)—every guinea will be changed into a torch o' fire and brimstone to scorch the flesh off yer bones—look to it, I say, once more—for if ye don't—there, be off with yourself, every mother's son of ye; and no blessing from me'll any of ye have this day: take care, you with the white stockings and bran new heavier, how you got them! Pack I say! It is less true than extraordinary, as shewing the power possessed by an illiterate but truly honest priest, that before the next morning dawned the money was returned, with the exception of ten or twelve guineas, which were doubtless lost, as some heavy rain had fallen during the night.

From the Boston Traveller.

THE LAST SACHEM OF THE PEQUOTS.

By an aged oak when the sun sank low,
A red-skin leaned o'er his mighty bow,
While a follow deer lay by his side,
Who had felt his shaft, and bounding, died.

He seemed a giant of ancient days,
His home was the wild and his work the chase,
He cursed the whites for the deeds they'd done,
And sought a rest towards the setting sun.

The pilgrim band increased each day,
And they sought the wood by the Indian way;
And when they reached the Pequot's wild,
The blood in his veins with anger boiled.

I left his fire and the pale-faced men,
For the silent wood and the lonely glen,
And he stopped to rest where the Hudson rolled
On its rapid course like a flood of gold!

And the savage wept for those days of yore
When he fearless roamed by the ocean's shore,
Where the sounding wave and the whistling blast,
Swept over his head and his sadness past.

He knit his brow and he drew his knife,
He praised the sun as the master of life,
He plunged in his breast the gleaming blade,
And fell a corpse on that silent glade.

The eagle's scream and the owl's cry,
The yell of the red wolf prowling by,
The whistling blast and the ocean's roar,
The Pequot chieftain heard no more.

When time had rolled full many a year,
A giant's bones, the bones of a deer,
A moss-clad bow and a rusty blade,
Were found by the whites on that lonely glade.

They buried his bones by that Hudson's wave,
And they named the spot the Pequot's Grave;

And now the pale-face flies away

From the lonely spot at the close of day.

For the hunter oft, at evening hour,

When the dun deer sleeps in his leafy bower,

Sees a Pequot chief with a look of wo,

And a half-drawn blade, lean o'er his bow. J. E. D.

Otogeniarian Reminiscence. Johnson and Pinkethman were two actors in the time of George II. Johnson dabbled a little in picture-dealing, and wished very much to get possession of a painting of a mace, which he had remarked at a broker's shop near Drury Lane, but for which from its excellence, he feared a high price would be asked. He accordingly laid a little plot with his friend Pinkethman, which was developed in the following scene:

Johnson—(alone and seemingly attracted by the picture for the first time, in a careless off-hand manner)

—Pray what do you ask for this fish?

Broker. Fish, Sir! You mistake; that's a bird.

John. Poh! nonsense, bird; I tell you it's a fish.

Bro. I say, Sir, it's a bird, and if you say it is not, you know nothing of the matter.

John. It's a fish.

Bro. It is not, Sir; and I believe you know better when you say so.

John. I know better than you, if you mean that; it's a fish.

Bro. (Enraged.) It's false, sir! and you ought to be ashamed of yourself.

John. Come, come, man, don't be angry, I want to deal, not to quarrel with you; what do you ask for the fish?

Bro. It's not a fish, sir, it's a bird, and the price is ten guineas.

John. You're a very obstinate man, and the price is high; but, if you have a mind for a wager, I'll bet you ten guineas against the picture itself that it is a fish.

Bro. With all my heart; who shall decide it?

John. Oh, I don't care; any body; (raising his voice that his one may be heard;) the first man who passes by.

Bro. Agreed; here comes one—(To Pinkethman, who is seen approaching with a demure step, and apparently lost in thought)—Sir, sir!—Come here, if you please.

John. Aye, sir, pray do.

Pinkethman (with affected astonishment) Good heavens! gentlemen—What can you want of me? Is there anything the matter?

Bro. No, sir, nothing the matter; only we want you to be so good as to decide a bet for us. This gentleman lays that u—

John. Stop, Mr. Broker; I insist upon it that you don't put words into the gentleman's mouth; it's not fair; ask him simply what that picture represents.

Bro. Well, just as you like—be it so. Pray, sir, what does that picture represent?

John. To be sure; that's the only fair way.

Pink. (Takes out his spectacles; wipes them deliberately, and puts them on; then looks attentively at the object for two or three minutes.) Bless my soul, it's very strange now; I can't for the life of me recollect what it is they call it; but I certainly have seen the fish somewhere.

Bro. (Snatching down the picture and throwing it at Johnson's head) the devil take you and the fish too—there's the picture.

London Atherton

BOARDING-HOUSE COLLECTIONS.

Our Pet: the dinner bell rang

So loud that a *bachelor* said,

"He'll deafen us all with his twang—

I am certain the booby is mad."

A lady who punn'd over well,

Thought it no singular thing

That he should object to a *belle*,

Since he always declined the *ring*.

Ergo-janitor Joke. A case was tried last week in the Common-Pleas Court in this town, which had its origin in a joke, and in the end cost the joker about a hundred and forty dollars. Nearly a year ago Jonathan from the country came into town with a load of baskets for sale. While tempesting about the streets in quest of purchasers, a gentleman began to hector him for his load. He offered his load for forty dollars, which the gentleman agreed to give if he would take his note. The bargain was concluded and the note given, signed by a fictitious name, and witnessed by a bystander also with a fictitious. The basket merchant was directed where to carry his load, and started off, and parambulating the town till he was weary in quest of the place to which he had been directed, and not being able to find it, he returned and discharged his cargo upon the premises of the purchaser. The purchaser remonstrated with him, told him he had not bought the baskets, that he did not want them, and should not receive them. But the basket merchant said he guessed he knew what he was about; he'd sold his baskets, and he would have his pay for them. He accordingly started off and applied to an attorney for assistance in obtaining his pay. The purchaser beginning to suspect that the joke was in a train to be turned upon himself offered ten dollars to the basket merchant if he would take his basket and be off. But no; Jonathan who had been a deputy sheriff somewhere back in the woods, guessed he knew what he was about. He had sold his baskets, and he would have his fifty dollars. The purchaser thinking he was not holden by the fictitious paper, and that he had offered the man a liberal compensation for the trouble he had caused him, refused to do any thing more about it. The quondam deputy, who, it seems, knew something about handling the edged tools of the law, was determined to have the whole amount of the bond, and accordingly left his grist in a law mill and departed. The affair was ground out at the present sitting of the Court, when it appeared that the little forty dollar grist that had been thrown into the hopper had swollen to nearly a hundred and forty dollars affair affording a good fat toll for the miller, and a slice here and a slice there, for all the labourers round about the mill.

Portland Courier. The above is a real fact. The name of the purchaser is well known in Portland.

Anecdote of the death of John Hunter. Reason alone is a very unsafe test to try a man's conduct by; his passions, his impulses, and his enmities are often active, while his reason is asleep. So much are we under the influence of sensation that John Hunter, the great surgeon and physiologist, died in a fit of enraged passion, although he often said that such an excitement would certainly prove fatal to him. He died in St. George's Hospital, Oct. 16, 1793, under these circumstances: being there under the exercise of his official duty as a surgeon, he had a warm dispute with Doctor Pierson on a professional subject, upon which he said, "I must retire, for I feel an agitation that will be fatal to me if I increase it," and he immediately withdrew into an adjoining room; but Dr. Pierson, not being willing to give up his argument, followed him, which so enraged Hunter, that he exclaimed, "You have followed me on purpose to be the death of me! You have murdered me!" and instantly fell and expired.

Seamanship rewarded.—Several of the Boston Insurance Offices have presented to Capt. N. Weston, Jr. of Duxbury, Mass. a service of plate, for his very praiseworthy exertions in safely conducting the brig *Colombo* into port, after being dismasted, and during the severe weather of last winter.

THE CONSTELLATION.

MARRIED,

On the 10th inst., Mr. Francis Wells Tryon, to Miss Sarah Haskin.
 On the 11th inst., Mr. Samuel R. Spelman, to Miss Catharine Howe.
 On the 12th, Mr. Anthony Bleeker Ellison, to Miss Sarah Anna, daughter of Frere Edey, Esq. of the Island of Barbadoes.
 On the 12th, Dr. Sidney S. Franklin, to Miss Elizabeth T. Waldron.
 At Providence, Capt. Nathan Gorton, to Miss Abby, daughter of Capt. S. Jackson.
 At Bath, Me. Lt. Floss I. Craven, U.S.N., to Virginia Anna, daughter of Hon. J. F. Wingate.
 At Philadelphia, His Excellency Juan De Diaz Canseco, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United Mexican States to the Republics of South America and the Empire of Brazil, to Miss Rosanna, daughter of the late Don Anselmo de la Cuesta.
 At Philadelphia, Napoleon A. Girault, to Miss Margaret Wilson.
 At Pittsgrove, Henry H. Elwell, of Salem, to Miss Sarah Johnson.
 At Foweyville, Town, N. Jacob B. Garner, of Schenectady, to Miss A. L. McConnell.
 At Ley, Jonathan Barron, merchant, to Miss Louisa, daughter of Elias Smith Esq.
 At Philadelphia, Rev. Wm. T. Dwight, to Miss Eliza L. Bradish.
 At Portsmouth, Joseph G. Sise, merchant, to Miss Abby Frazee Lyman.
 At Boston, Wm. Bailey, to Miss Elvira Prentiss.
 At Greenfield, Mr. Charles J. J. Ingerson, to Miss Eliza Leavitt.
 At Ashland, Joseph C. Weeks, of Oakham, to Miss Clarinda Knowlton.
 At Southborough, Lowell A. Newton, to Miss Hannah P. Johnson.
 At Natchez, Major Benjamin F. Stockton, Editor and Proprietor of the Gibson Port Correspondent, to Miss Elizabeth W. Gilbert.

DEATHS,

On the 12th, Wm. A. Henson, Esq.
 On the 12th, Mrs. Eliza Jordan, wife of John Jordan, aged 25 years.
 On the 15th, Frederick Brown Lang, 35.
 On the 15th, Mrs. Sarah Lee, 75.
 On the 16th, Dr. John H. Stinson, 28.
 At Sands Point, L.I. Griffin Smith, 39.
 At Albany, the Rev. John De Witt, Professor in Rutgers College.
 At C. Woodbridge, N.J., Samuel E. Garrison, Esq.
 At Rye, Westchester County, Abraham Grier, 67.
 At Yonkers, Westchester County, David H. Lyman, in the 5th year of his age.
 At Columbia, S.C., David Thompson, 36, of this city, and formerly of Matanzas.
 On the 3d instant, at his residence, Portland, Middlesex, New Jersey, Richard Hartshorne, in the 72d year of his age, formerly of this city.
 At Mobile, Capt. Francis Costigan, 43.
 At Annapolis, Judge Done, 26.
 At Selma, Mrs. Margaret Ann W. Alexander, aged 21 years, daughter of the Hon. Hugh L. White. Her life was brought to a close by the consumption, a disease which has consigned to the tomb, in less than six years, the mother and eight children.
 At Richmond, Indiana, Isaac Bonsell, aged 66 years, late of Philadelphia, a minister and a useful member of the Society of Friends.
 At Philadelphia, Rev. Nicholas Collin, Rector of the Welsh Church in Penn.
 At Princeton, David Worth, formerly a merchant of Philadelphia.
 At Fredericktown, Thos. Seddon, Esq. Cashier of the Farmers' Bank of Va., died at that place.
 At Glasgow, Scotland, 22d Aug. David Walker, Esq. Captain of the U. States.
 At Glasgow, 25th Aug. Helen Lawson, sister of Jas. Lawson, of this city.

MARBLE WORKS.

J. FRAZEE gives notice to his friends and the public generally that he has recently taken into partnership with him Mr. Robert Launitz, of Rome, Sculptor, and late pupil of Thorwaldsen, and that the establishment of sculpture, and monumental art in Broadway will in future be conducted under the name of *Fraze & Launitz*.—It is confidently hoped that so important an acquisition of talent to this establishment will not only prove highly gratifying to the friends and patrons of the artists thus mutually united, but that a discerning public will also duly appreciate its certain and anticipated benefits, in being the ostensible object of the partnership to enlarge and improve the department of monumental sculpture and statuary, and, by the union of genius and talent, render their works in every respect worthy the highest patronage of the country.

Oct. 22

S. SYLVESTER, 120 Broadway, N. Y.—Official drawing of the N. Y. Lottery, Extra Class No. 29 for 1831, drawn Oct. 19—10 17 61 24 32 12 41 9.

It is an absolute fact, and can be proven by the Managers, that I did sell in the above lottery tea capital prizes. Thus it will be seen Sylvester still may retain the title of "ever and always lucky Sylvester." Remember, Sylvester never claims prizes unless sold by him—and has no connection with any other office in New York.

N. B. All orders by mail meet same attention as on personal application, if addressed to Sylvester, New York.

The following present schemes will next be drawn:

Oct. 29—Extra 30, \$20,000, first prize \$6,000.....\$6

Nov. 2—Extra 31, \$20,000, first prize \$6,000.....\$6

Nov. 9—Extra 32, 3 of \$2,000 each.....\$6

Nov. 16—Grand scheme—all prizes noblanks—\$40,000, 10,000, 5,000, &c. Packages of whole cost \$200, and must draw \$15; packages of halves, quarters, and eighths in proportion. One drawn number, \$10; no number, or blank, \$1.....\$10

My distant patrons will please notice that the next two good schemes will be drawn on the 14th December and 11th January. I thus early give notice, to prevent disappointment, and to give time for all to write.

Dec. 1—Reg. Class 12, \$40,000, 20,000, 10,000—66 numbers, 10 drawn.....\$10

Jan. 11—Reg. Class 13, \$20,000, 10,000, 4,000—48 numbers, 7 drawn.....\$10

Both the above are good for packages.

A New York Lottery will be drawn every Wednesday. Those remitting funds and not naming any particular class, will have sent to them tickets in the first good scheme.

N. B. All those who deal with Sylvester will receive the "Reporter, Counterfeiter, and Price Current" (published every Wednesday) gratis for 12 months. It is a most useful paper, and should be in the hands of every country merchant or dealer.

Commission business, also Exchange, and collection of drafts, attended to with promptitude.

S. J. SYLVESTER, N.Y.

Reference: Messrs. Yates & McIntyre. Oct. 24.

Office of the North Am. Coal Company, &
Philadelphia, Oct. 1, 1831.

IMPOSITION EXPOSED.

MESSRS. SAMUEL B. REEVE & CO having again published their former offensive statements in relation to the coal of this Company, in which they say, "the North American Company's Coal has been always designated by them, until lately, 'Centreville,' and has been invariably sold by the subscribers as their second quality, and from fifty cents to one dollar per ton less than that from 'Spohn's Mine,' worked by Thomas Salmon, originally named by the subscribers, 'Peach Orchard,'"—the Board of Directors cannot, in justice to the Stockholders, and the public, any longer withhold their consent to the publication of the following copy of a letter from Mr. S. B. Reeve, received by the subscriber, as Agent of the Company, shortly after the above first appeared in the public prints. This publication is made with reluctance, throwing discredit, as it does, upon the character of the writer for veracity:

New York, Jan. 27, 1830.

John Stoddart, Esq. Agent

of the No. Am. Coal Co.:

"Dear Sir,—Your favour of the 25th came to hand this morning. I have always represented the Centreville Coal as being first rate, and if you refer to the advertisement, which you will find at the Merchants' Office House... You say in your letter, I have advertised the N. A. Co.'s Coal as inferior to other Coal; this is not the case. I ascertained that some of the dealers were selling your Coal at \$10.50 per ton, delivered; consequently I was obliged to come out in my own defence, and I can assure you it was not done with an intention to injure the character of your Coal. We have always been on the most friendly terms, and I am not aware of having done any thing that would prevent its continuance, and I hope we shall be able to deal together next season. Mr. — called on me a day or two since, and in his usual imperative manner, commanded me to have my advertisement of Centreville Coal withdrawn. I have done it, as he stated it was your request. The manner in which he talked at first was very unhandsome, and I should not have paid any attention to him had I not supposed he called by your request.

"I am your obliged friend, and obedient servant,
(Signed) "SAMUEL B. REEVE."

The veins of Coal hitherto mined by the North American Coal Company are situated on a tract of land called "Centreville"—hence it was first called "Centreville Coal." Large quantities of this Coal were sold to Mr. S. B. Reeve during the years 1827, '28, and '29, to the superior quality of which he was entirely indebted for his former high reputation for selling good Coal, and the name of "Peach Orchard" was originally given to it by him, as is abundantly proved by the following extracts from his advertisements, copied from the Evening Post, of 1828, in which he incontrovertibly establishes the fact, that the Coal of this Company is the genuine Peach Orchard Coal.

Sept. 1, 1828—"First rate Peacock Coal, from the Peach Orchard Mines." Sept. 9, 1828.—"First rate Peacock Coal, from the Centreville Mines." Nov. 19, 1828.—"Schuykill Coal.—The subscriber has landing, at the foot of Murray-st., from the schr. Resolution, very superior soft Peacock Coal, from the Peach Orchard Mines, warranted free from slate and shell, and will burn without the aid of a blower in any description of grates." (Signed) S. B. REEVE."

That the above cargo of Coal by the subscriber, John Smith, master, was Centreville Coal, purchased by Mr. Reeve, from the N. A. C. Company, and shipped from their yard on the 10th day of November, 1828, cannot be denied by him, as the original bill of lading for 140 tons, together with the entries of the said cargo of Coal to him on the books of the Company, can be shown and verified at any moment.

Thus the identity of the Coal, called by Mr. Reeve at different times "Peacock Coal," "Peach Orchard Coal," and "Coal from the Centreville Mines," is clearly established.

The genuine Peach Orchard Coal is sold in New York, by Messrs. H. & A. STOKES.

JOHN STODDART, Agent
Oct. 12. of the N. A. Coal Company.

G
O
A
R
D
P
R
O
F
E
S
S
O
R
A
N
D
C
E
L
E
B
R
A
T
E
D
T
U
A
C
H
E
R
O
F
M
U
S
I
C
A
N
D
P
E
N
M
A
N
S
H
I
P
I
N
S
I
X
L
E
S
S
O
N
S
A
U
A
N
D
3
7
1
5
G
R
A
N
D
S
T
R
E
E
T
N
E
W
Y
O
R
K

THE GLASS HOUSE—At Augusta, Ga., situated on the corner of Broad and Jackson-streets, next the Masonic Hall, and under the superintendence of Wm. Shannon—is fitted up in a superior style of accommodation, and provided with whatever is demanded for the comfort and enjoyment of its visitors.—His long experience in the business, the advantages of his location, and the ample preparation made for the convenience of his guests, enable the proprietor to offer accommodations unsurpassed in the Southern States.

Jan. 1.

Albany, Sept. 1, 1831.

State of New York, Secretary's Office.

SIR—I hereby give you notice, that at the next General Election, which is to be held on the first Monday of November next, and the two succeeding days, a Senator is to be chosen in the place of John E. French, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next. If there are any vacancies in the offices of Sheriff or Clerk, proper to be supplied at the General Election, the Inspectors will give notice accordingly.

A. C. FLAGG, Secretary of State.

The Sheriff of the City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

* * * All the newspapers in the County will publish the above once in each week until the election, and send in their bills immediately thereafter to the Sheriff's Office.

Sept. 17.

A. C. FLAGG, Secretary of State.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State